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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Tales of the Wars of our Times. By the Author of "Recollections of the Peninsula." 2 vols. 2 vols. post 8vo. London, 1829. Longman and Co.

To the experience of the soldier, Capt. Sherer has added the eye of the painter and the feeling of the poet: nothing can be more picturesque than his descriptions;—the olive-grove made sad by the recollections that haunt it—the church crowded with a terrible thanksgiving for death—the household broken in upon by enemies—the fearful attachments, the strange connexions, formed during the forced intercourse of the invaders and the inhabitants,—all these are depicted with the deep truth of reality; but with that spirit of romance which throws its own beauty over what it touches. His *Recollections of the Peninsula* were among the very best descriptions of Spain's striking scenery and desperate warfare; and to pictures equally vivid, the present volumes add the interest of most touching narrative. We shall make our extracts from the first tale.

"Upon the couch, the hand of death evidently upon him, lay a fine youth of eighteen: relieved somewhat by rest and a recumbent posture, he was now enabled to express his groans: his hand grasped that of the elder officer with tenderness, as if to console him; and the expression of his countenance, which must at all times have been most beautiful, was not so changed by pain as not immediately to interest the beholders. Flushes of his wonted bloom still struggled at intervals on his fading cheek, and rays of brightness broke out from his fine blue eyes, as if summoned up by his sweet but strong will to comfort his depressed companion. He spoke, too, in soft and subdued tones:—they knew not what he said; but it were easy gathered that he mentioned names and places; then, at a motion of his hand, the elder stranger kneeled down by his side. At this sight the good father went near to his pillow, and holding up the crucifix, offered it to his pale lip. The dying youth grasped and kissed fervently the withered hand that held the sacred symbol, but put it aside, and turning to his companion, with ear attent and moving lips, seemed to follow him in prayer. The venerable old priest, who saw and did well, in his very heart, understand this action, nevertheless sunk quiet on his knees, as did all the party, though in the looks of the three domestics there was a something of wonder, if not terror, at the thought that a hopeless heretic lay before them. Yet that holy name, 'Christ,' was so often distinctly uttered in the stranger's petition, and being the only one they understood, it so fixed their attention, that, in the fervour of their own devotions, they crossed their bowed foreheads, and beat their grateful bosoms, and forgot or forgave all difference of creed. When they arose from prayer, they found the open doorway and part of the gallery filled with dark and bearded soldiers. These men stood silent

and wondering, but respectful, and looked upon their dying favourite with a grave anxiety; their brazen helmets, and the black horse-hair plumes which hung drooping over their swart cheeks, gave a solemn and funeral aspect to the scene. The exhausted youth observed them, signed to them with his feebly-lifted hand, and gave them a languid look of kind recognition: the sun of his young existence was fast setting, and they shared its parting smile. At a word from the elder officer, these brave men, with drooped heads, and brief but deep regrets, withdrew; and at his request, he was left by the family alone with his sad charge. The soldiers went down quietly, and occupied the offices below; the family passed into that inner apartment, which being the only room on that floor that contains a fireplace, is the common hearth, common both to masters and servants; for to no one is the proud Spaniard so affable, so amiable, so fond and familiar in his manners, as to the cherished and attached domestics of his household. Here they all sat silent or whispering;—a dying enemy the subject of their words, their thoughts, their very prayers."

In this house reside a widow and her daughter. "Leonora was the image of her mother in features,—her cheek as pale,—her eyes as melancholy, but less meek,—her black hair, silken and luxuriant, was parted away from a white forehead that looked the chosen seat of pure and generous thoughts, and was bound lightly at the back of a fine-formed head in a simple Grecian knot. The ruby redness of her well-cut lips told that she had the health and blood of youth, which last indeed would at times in sudden and faint glows tinge her fair cheek; her form was slight, but had the gentleness of true and graceful proportion. Her black dress was relieved by a stomacher and kerchief of plain white lace; her long sleeve concealed her arm, and the vandyked bottom of her dress fell upon her very instep. Her hand pressing her dear mother's in affection, her eyes looking up with watchful love to those of her mother, she seemed like some lovely personification of youthful pity consoling afflicted virtue."

The beautiful Spaniard is inspired with the most devoted though unrequited affection for her generous enemy, who has saved the lives of her whole family;—but the times are evil ones for gentle feelings; and the story thus concludes:—Eustace, the hero, has been taken prisoner by some guerrillas:

"He was soon summoned forth himself; two stern-faced men led him out, and they fastened him with cords to a solitary cross of stone that stood upon a rock, above the hermitage about two hundred yards. Here, after his execution, they designed leaving his body, in sight as it were of the garrison of Cordova, as an insult to the French arms. About twenty paces from him stood six rude musketeers in a rank, priming their pieces; grouped to the left, as spectators, were all the fierce band; in front of these Velasco and the priest, with

fixed eyes and folded arms. Already had the musketeers presented their pieces; already had the victim breathed his last prayer, and, opening his eyes, was looking steadily at his executioners, that he might see their aim good and true before he gave the signal; when a cry of 'Hold, for the love of the most Holy Virgin! hold!' arrested the attention of all. Her mantilla fallen, her hair loose, her arms uplifted, her cheek flushed with the strugglings of hope and fear, Leonora de Velasco, majestic as a bright angel of mercy, rushed with winged speed, and when she found herself in the midst, between Eustace and the levelled arms, in presence of her brother and his band, she suddenly stopped, and again cried with a nervous tone, that went trembling to many a hearer's heart,—'He shall not die! he shall not die! Brother, he spared you the night we kneeled and sung a requiem for our father. He shall not die, brother! he repaired the great Velasco's tomb. He shall not die.' 'Away! unworthy Velasco, away!' said Juan, sternly: 'will no one remove the girl?' The priest ran and caught her arm to drag her from the line of fire. With a strength lent her by despair, she threw him far and violently from her,—then turned, and was in a moment at the cross, and placed herself before it. 'Here,' said the devoted girl, 'here will I stand! here gladly fall, or for or with this noble enemy!—no enemy to me or living man! as a brother dear to me!' 'Fire!' cried Juan,—he was not obeyed. 'As a thousand brothers dear to me!' repeated Leonora. 'Daughter of my father! you have lived too long,' thundered Juan, as with lightning swiftness he flew to her, and she fell stabbed at his feet,—the blood of her stricken bosom flowing forth upon them. 'Brother, brother!' said she faintly, as soon as she could recover from the shock:—'Juan, you used to love me—kiss me, Juan:—and she supported herself on her arm, and lifted up her pale lips, and kissed his murderous hand that hung stained down. 'Leonora, confess! speak, say that it was true!—say that you were guilty!' 'Of many sins against high Heaven, Juan, but none against my brother.' 'Is not this enemy your lover? Hath he not abused you?' 'Your sister is chaste and spotless as the unsunned snow,' said the voice of Eustace, now for the first time heeded; though, from the instant of Leonora's arrival, he had prayed her to let death take its course upon him. 'Brother! I forgive you more than my death-blow—I forgive you this.' With slow and solemn utterance she spoke, and paused, fainting at the close of this effort. One more she made,—'Let it be that I have died for this good man:—and after, there were but murmurs not intelligible, and lips that moved in prayer,—and her cold cheek felt not the pressure of her brother's as he lay down by her, prostrate in his despair. The lady Casilda and Clemente found her as white and cold as marble when they arrived at the foot of the cross;—there, where she had fallen, she lay dead. Leaning against the cross, to which he was no longer

bound, stood Eustace like a statue of grief—the boy Presidonio at his feet, kneeling before the cross.—Juan and the priest and the guerrillas were gone.—In the chapel of San Francisco, in Cordova, there is a plain tablet of white marble to the memory of Leonora de Velasco: it records not the manner of her death, but is simply inscribed with her name: above are the words in *calo quies*. Beneath, *oveja perdida ven.*"

If the history of the most heroic courage—the most devoted affection, told in the most poetical language,—if vivid pictures of those dangers in which almost every fire-side has had some near and dear one partaking,—if such do not insure these volumes the most complete popularity, the human heart must have lost a large portion of its most ennobling affections.

The History of Napoleon Buonaparte. 2 vols. 16mo. With Engravings on Steel and Wood. London, 1829. Murray.

WERE we asked what would constitute the perfection of a book destined for universal circulation, we should say,—A subject of the utmost historical interest, an interest in which every rank took part—whose great outline, one of the memory's epochs, rivetted attention on the details—one which, while of paramount importance to our own country, involved also every foreign soil with which it had relations. Let such a subject be treated in a concise yet complete narrative; let its authority be authentic, and the charm of style be added to the attraction of incident; and let some great name, familiar even in its wonder, be the cope-stone of attention:—to these internal requisites let it join all external advantages,—a neat and portable form, beautiful printing, engravings some first-rate and all characteristic, and let it be equally calculated for the library-shelf and the drawing-room table; let it be a valuable compendium for the most experienced, and a mine of delight to the young and eager reader; lastly, let its moderate cost place it within the reach of every class:—and if all this does not constitute the perfection of a book, it at least approaches it very closely. It is but saying the simplest truth, when we affirm that all these requisites are to be found in the delightful pages under notice. Of the plan of their publication we have before expressed our cordial approbation, and we now still more cordially express our approval of the manner in which it has been executed. This is a most admirable life of Napoleon, when we only speak of the excellent judgment, the dramatic force of the narrative, the clear and flowing language, which make it a first-rate work; but when we consider the immense mass of information, the just opinions, the variety of anecdotes, condensed into two small volumes, we confess it no less excites our wonder than our warmest praise. We would fain quote a capital general view of the state of the imperial government at its zenith, but our space prevents us; and we must therefore content ourselves with the two following samples. The justice of the statement of his residence at St. Helena would alone make us extract it.

"The accusations brought by the prisoner and his instruments against the government of England, in regard to the accommodations at Longwood, the arrangements concerning the household establishment, and the regulations adopted with a view to the security of his person,—have been so often answered in detail, that we may spare ourselves the pain of dwelling on transactions little worthy of filling a

large space in the story of Napoleon. It being granted that it was necessary to provide against the evasion of Buonaparte; that the protracted separation from him of his wife and son (not, at any rate, the act of England, but of Austria) was in itself justified by obvious political considerations; and that England would have given good reason of offence to the King of France, had she complied with Napoleon's repeated demands to be styled and treated as emperor;—if these things be granted, we do not see how even the shadow of blame can attach to the much-abused ministers on whom fortune threw one of the most delicate and thankless of all offices. His house was, save one (that of the governor), the best on the island: from the beginning it was signified that any alterations or additions suggested by Napoleon would be immediately attended to; and the frame-work of many apartments was actually prepared in England, to be sent out and distributed according to his pleasure. As it was, Napoleon had for his own immediate personal accommodation a suite of rooms, consisting of a saloon, an eating-room, a library, a billiard-room, a small study, a bed-room, and a bath-room; and various English gentlemen, accustomed to all the appliances of modern luxury, who visited the exile of Longwood, concur in stating that the accommodations around him appeared to them every way complete and unobjectionable. He had a good collection of books, and the means of adding to these as much as he chose. His suite consisted in all of five gentlemen and two ladies: the superior French and Italian domestics about his own person were never fewer than eleven; and the sum allowed for his domestic expenditure was 12,000*l.* per annum—the governor of St. Helena, moreover, having authority to draw on the treasury for any larger sum, in case he should consider 12,000*l.* as insufficient. When we consider that wines, and most other articles heavily taxed in England, go duty-free to St. Helena, it is really intolerable to be told that this income was not adequate—nay, that it was not munificent—for a person in Napoleon's situation. It was a larger income than is allotted to the governor of any English colony whatever, except the governor-general of India. It was twice as large as the official income of a British secretary of state has ever been. We decline entering at all into the minor charges connected with this humiliating subject: at least a single example may serve. One of the loudest complaints was about the deficiency and inferior quality of wine: on examination, it appeared that Napoleon's upper domestics were allowed each day, per man, a bottle of claret, costing 6*l.* per dozen (without duty), and the lowest menial employed at Longwood a bottle of good Teneriffe wine daily. That the table of the fallen emperor himself was always served in a style at least answerable to the dignity of a general officer in the British service—this was never even denied. Passing from the interior, we conceive that we cannot do better than quote the language of one of his casual and impartial visitors, Mr. Ellis. 'There never, perhaps (says this gentleman), was a prisoner so much requiring to be watched and guarded, to whom so much liberty and range for exercise was allowed. With an officer he may go over any part of the island: wholly unobserved, his limits extend four miles—partially observed, eight—and overlooked, twelve. At night the sentinels certainly close round Longwood itself.' It indeed appears impossible to conceive of a *prisoner* more liberally treated in

all these respects. There remains the constantly repeated vituperation of the climate of St. Helena. It appears, however, by tables kept and published by Dr. Arnott, that the sick-list of a regiment stationed close to Buonaparte's residence during his stay, rarely contained more than one name out of forty-five—a proportion which must be admitted to be most remarkably small. In effect, the house of Longwood stands 2000 feet above the level of the sea; the ocean breezes purify the air continually; and within the tropics there is probably no healthier situation whatever. If it be said that Napoleon should not have been confined within the tropics at all—it is answered, that it was *necessary* to remove him from the neighbourhood of the countries in which his name was the watch-word of rebellion and discord; and that, after all, Napoleon was a native of Corsica, one of the hottest climates in Europe, and was at all times, constitutionally, able to endure the extremes of heat much better than of cold—witness Egypt and Russia. There was a rule that Napoleon's correspondence should all pass through the hands of the governor of St. Helena—and this Sir Walter Scott condemns. Had the English government acted on the Buonapartean model, they would have made no such regulation, but taken the liberty of privately examining his letters and resealing them, after the fashion of the post-office under Lavalette. It diminishes our regret when we learn, from Sir Walter Scott's next page, that in spite of all laws and severities on this score, Napoleon and the companions of his exile contrived from the beginning to the end to communicate with their friends in Europe, without the supervision of any English authorities whatever. The finishing touch is put to the picture of unworthy duplicity by one of Napoleon's own followers and most noisy champions, General Gourgaud. This gentleman himself informed the English government, that at the time when Napoleon, in order to create the notion that his supplies were restricted beyond all endurance, sent some plate to James's Town to be broken up and sold, he, Napoleon, had in his strong box at Longwood at least ten thousand pounds in gold coin. There is one name which will descend to posterity laden with a tenfold portion of the abuse which Napoleon and his associates lavished on all persons connected in any degree with the superintendence and control of his captive condition—that of Sir Hudson Lowe, a general officer in the English army, who became governor of St. Helena in May 1816, and continued to hold that situation down to the period of the ex-emperor's death in 1821. The vanity of Napoleon appears to have been wounded from the beginning by this appointment. According to him, no person ought in decency to have been intrusted with the permanent care of his detention but some English nobleman of the highest rank. The answer is very plain—that the situation was not likely to find favour in the eyes of any such person; and when one considers what the birth and manners of by far the greater number of Buonaparte's own courtiers, peers and princes included, were, it is difficult to repress wonder in listening to this particular subject of complaint. Passing over this original quarrel, it appears that, according to Buonaparte's own admission, Sir H. Lowe endeavoured, when he took his thankless office upon him, to place the intercourse between himself and his prisoner on a footing as gracious as could well be looked for under

all the circumstances of the case; and that he, the ex-emperor, ere the governor had been a week at St. Helena, condescended to insult him to his face by language so extravagantly, intolerably, and vulgarly offensive, as never ought, under any circumstances whatever, to have stained the lips of one who made any pretension to the character of a gentleman. Granting that Sir Hudson Lowe was not an officer of the first distinction, it must be admitted that he did no wrong in accepting a duty offered to him by his government; and that Napoleon was guilty, not only of indecorum, but of meanness, in reproaching a man so situated, as he did almost at their first interview, with the circumstances—of which at worst it could but be said that they were not splendid—of his previous life. But this is far too little. Granting that Sir Hudson Lowe had been in history and in conduct, both before he came to St. Helena and during his stay there, all that the most ferocious libels of the Buonapartists have ever dared to say or to insinuate,—it would still remain a theme of unmixt wonder and regret that Napoleon Buonaparte should have stooped to visit on his head the wrongs which, if they were wrongs, proceeded not from the governor of St. Helena, but from the English ministry, whose servant he was. 'I can only account,' says Mr. Ellis, 'for his petulance and unfounded complaints from one of two motives—either he wishes by these means to keep alive an interest in Europe, and more especially in England, where he flatters himself he has a party; or his troubled mind finds an occupation in the tracasseries which his present conduct gives to the governor. If the latter be the case, it is in vain for any governor to unite being on good terms with him to the performance of his duty.' Napoleon did every thing he could to irritate this unfortunate governor. He called him *scribever*, *thieflaker*, *har, hangman*; rejected all his civilities as insults; encouraged his attendants to rival in these particulars the audacity of his own language and conduct; refused by degrees to take the exercise which his health required, on pretext that it did him more harm than good when he knew himself to be riding within view of English sentinels (which was not necessary at all within four miles of Longwood), or attended by an English officer (which was not necessary unless at the distance of twelve miles from Longwood); above all, opposed every obstacle to the enforcement of that most proper regulation which made it necessary that his person should, once in every twenty-four hours, be visible to some British officer. In a word, Napoleon Buonaparte bent the whole energies of his mighty intellect to the ignoble task of tormenting Sir Hudson Lowe; and the extremities of degradation to which these efforts occasionally reduced himself in the eyes of his own attendants are such as we dare not particularise, and as will be guessed by no one who has not read the memoir of his Italian doctor, Antommarchi. Meantime, the great object was effectually attained. The wrongs of Napoleon, the cold cruelty of the English government, and the pestilent petty tyranny of Sir Hudson Lowe, were the perpetual themes of table-talk all over Europe. There were statesmen of high rank in either house of the British parliament who periodically descanted on these topics; and the answers as often elicited from the ministers of the crown, only alienated such declamations for the moment, that they might be renewed with increased violence, after time had elapsed sufficient to

allow the news to come back to England with the comments of Longwood. The utter impossibility of an escape from St. Helena was assumed on all such occasions, with the obvious inference that there could be no use for sentinels and domiciliary visitations at Longwood, except for the gratification of malignant power. But it is now ascertained that, throughout the whole period of the detention, schemes of evasion were in agitation at St. Helena, and that agents were busy, sometimes in London, more frequently in North America, with preparations which had no other object in view. A steamship, halting just beyond the line of sight, might undoubtedly have received Napoleon at certain seasons of the year without difficulty, could he only contrive to elude the nocturnal vigilance of the sentinels about the house of Longwood: and that this was impossible, or even difficult, General Gourgaud himself does not hesitate to deny. The rumours of these plots reached from time to time Sir Hudson Lowe; and, quickening of course his fears and his circumspection, kept the wounds of jealousy and distrust continually open and angry. There were moments, however, in which Napoleon appeared, to persons likely to influence public feeling in Europe by their reports, in attitudes of a far different description. When strangers of eminence (generally officers on their way to or from India), halting at St. Helena, requested and obtained permission to pay their respects at Longwood, Napoleon received them, for the most part, with the ease and dignity of a man superior to adversity. It was by these worthier exhibitions that the fallen emperor earned the lofty eulogy of Byron:

'—Well thy soul hath brooked the turning tide,
With that untaught, innate philosophy,
Which, be it wisdom, coldness, or deep pride,
Is gall and wormwood to an enemy.
When the whole host of hatred stood hard by,
To watch and mock thee shrinking, thou hast smiled
With a sedate and all-enduring eye;
When Fortune fled her spolloed and favourite child,
He stood unbowed beneath the ill upon him piled.'

Among the visitors now alluded to was Captain Basil Hall; and he has, perhaps, presented the world with the most graphic sketch of Napoleon as he appeared on such occasions at Longwood. 'Buonaparte (says this traveller) struck me (Aug. 13, 1817) as differing considerably from all the pictures and busts I had seen of him. His face and figure looked much broader and more square—larger, indeed, in every way, than any representation I had met with. His corpulency, at this time reported to be excessive, was by no means remarkable. His flesh looked, on the contrary, firm and muscular. There was not the least trace of colour in his cheeks; in fact, his skin was more like marble than ordinary flesh. Not the smallest wrinkle was discernible on his brow, nor an approach to a furrow on any part of his countenance. His health and spirits, judging from appearances, were excellent; though, at this period, it was generally believed in England that he was fast sinking under a complication of diseases, and that his spirits were entirely gone. His manner of speaking was rather slow than otherwise, and perfectly distinct; and he waited with great patience and kindness for my answers to his questions. The brilliant and sometimes dazzling expression of his eyes could not be overlooked. It was not, however, a permanent lustre, for it was only remarkable when he was excited by some point of particular interest. It is impossible to imagine an expression of more entire mildness, I may almost call it of benignity and kindness, than that which played over his features during the whole interview. If, therefore, he was at this time out

of health and in low spirits, his power of self-command must have been even more extraordinary than is generally supposed; for his whole deportment, his conversation, and the expression of his face, indicated a frame in perfect health, and a mind at ease.' These favourable reports, from seemingly impartial witnesses, lent new wings to the tale of Sir Hudson Lowe's oppression; and perhaps the exile of St. Helena continued to fill a larger space in the eye of the world at large, than had ever before fallen to the lot of one removed for ever, to all appearance, from the great theatre of human passions. It was then that Lord Byron thus apostrophised him:—

'Conqueror and captive of the earth art thou!
She trembles at thee still, and thy wild name
Was ne'er more bruited in men's minds than now
That thou art nothing, save the jest of Fame,
Who would thee once, thy vassal, and became
The flatterer of thy fierceness, till thou wert
A god unto thyself—nor less the same
To the astounded kingdoms all inert,
Who deemed thee for a time what'er thou didst assert.'

And it was then that an English nobleman of high rank, who throughout manifested especial interest in the fortunes of Napoleon, inscribed his statue (in the gardens of Holland House) with the lines of Homer:—

'The godlike Ulysses is not yet dead upon the earth;
He still lingers a living captive within the breadth of ocean,
In some unapproachable island, where savage men detain him.'
Odyss. book i. v. 195.

The closing review of the emperor's character is so admirable, that it would be injustice not to quote it; and with it we end our review.

'Napoleon confessed more than once at Longwood, that he owed his downfall to nothing but the extravagance of his own errors. 'It must be owned,' said he, 'that fortune spoiled me: ere I was thirty years of age, I found myself invested with great power, and the mover of great events.' No one, indeed, can hope to judge him fairly, either in the brilliancy of his day, or the troubled darkness of his evening, who does not task imagination to conceive the natural effects, on a temperament and genius so fiery and daring, of that almost instantaneous transition from poverty and obscurity to the summit of fame, fortune, and power. The blaze which dazzled other men's eyes, had fatal influence on his. He began to believe that there was something superhuman in his own faculties, and that he was privileged to deny that any laws were made for him. Obligations by which he expected all besides to be fettered, he considered himself entitled to snap and trample. He became a deity to himself; and expected mankind not merely to submit to, but to admire and reverence the actions of a demon. Well says the poet,

'Oh! more or less than man—in high or low,
Battling with nations, flying from the field;
Now making monarchs' necks thy footstool, now
More than thy meanest soldier taught to yield;
An empire thou couldst crush, command, rebuild;
But govern not thy pettiest passion, nor,
However deeply in men's spirits skilled,
Look through thine own—nor curb the lust of war,
Nor learn that tempted fate will leave the loftiest star.'

His heart was naturally cold. His school-companion, who was afterwards his secretary, M. de Bourienne, confesses that, even in the spring of youth, he was very little disposed to form friendships. To say that he was incapable of such feelings, or that he really never had a friend, would be to deny to him any part in the nature and destiny of his species.—No one ever dared to be altogether alone in the world.—But we doubt if any man ever passed through life sympathising so slightly with mankind; and the most wonderful part of his story is, the intensity of

sway which he exerted over the minds of those in whom he so seldom permitted himself to contemplate any thing more than the tools of his own ambition. So great a spirit must have had glimpses of whatever adorns and dignifies the character of man. But with him the feelings which bind love, played only on the surface—leaving the abyss of selfishness untouched. His one instrument of power was genius; hence his influence was greatest among those who had little access to observe, closely and leisurely, the minutenesses of his personal character and demeanour. The exceptions to this rule were very few. Pride and vanity were strangely mingled in his composition. Who does not pity the noble chamberlain that confesses his blood to have run cold when he heard Napoleon—seated at dinner at Dresden, among a circle of crowned heads—begin a story with, *When I was a lieutenant in the regiment of La Fere?* Who does not pity Napoleon when he is heard speaking of some decorations in the Tuilleries, as having taken place 'in the time of the king, my uncle?' This last weakness was the main engine of his overthrow. When he condescended to mimic all the established etiquettes of feudal monarchy—when he coined titles, and lavished stars, and sought to melt his family into the small circle of hereditary princes—he adopted the surest means which could have been devised for alienating from himself the affections of all the men of the revolution, the army alone excepted, and for re-animating the hopes and exertions of the Bourbonists. It is clear that thenceforth he leaned almost wholly on the soldiery. No civil changes could, after this, affect his real position. Oaths and vows, charters and concessions, all were alike in vain. When the army was humbled and weakened in 1814, he fell from his throne, without one voice being lifted up in his favour. The army was no sooner strengthened and re-encouraged, than it recalled him. He re-ascended the giddy height, with the daring step of a hero, and professed his desire to scatter from it nothing but justice and mercy. But no man trusted his words. His army was ruined at Waterloo; and the brief day of the second reign passed, without a twilight, into midnight. We are not yet far enough from Buonaparte, to estimate the effects of his career. He recast the art of war; and was conquered in the end by men who had caught wisdom and inspiration from his own campaigns. He gave both permanency and breadth to the influence of the French revolution. His reign, short as it was, was sufficient to make it impossible that the offensive privileges of *caste* should ever be revived in France; and, this iniquity being once removed, there could be little doubt that such a nation would gradually acquire possession of a body of institutions worthy of its intelligence. Napoleon was as essentially, and irreclaimably, a despot as a warrior; but his successor, whether a Bourbon or a Buonaparte, was likely to be a constitutional sovereign. The tyranny of a manner hand would not have been endured after that precedent. On Europe at large he has left traces of his empire, not less marked or important. He broke down the barriers every where of custom and prejudice; and revolutionised the spirit of the continent. His successes, and his double downfall, taught absolute princes their weakness, and injured nations their strength. Such hurricanes of passion as the French revolution—such sweeping scourges of mankind as Napoleon Buonaparte, are not permitted but as the

avengers of great evils, and the harbingers of great good. Of the influence of both, as regards the continent, it may be safely said—that even now we have seen only 'the beginning of the end.' The reigning sovereigns of Europe are, with rare exceptions, benevolent and humane men; and their subjects, no less than they, ought to remember the lesson of all history—that violent and sudden changes, in the structure of social and political order, have never yet occurred, without inflicting utter misery upon at least one generation. It was England that fought the great battle throughout, on the same principle, without flinching; and but for her perseverance, all the rest would have struggled in vain. It is to be hoped that the British nation will continue to see, and to reverence, in the contest and in its result, the immeasurable advantages which the sober strength of a free but fixed constitution possesses over the mad energies of anarchy on the one hand, and, on the other, over all that despotic selfishness can effect, even under the guidance of the most consummate genius."

There are some very clever wood-cuts, excellently calculated to give accurate notions of the scenes described; and few things impress a particular passage on the mind more than a picture. A charge of the Cossacks, the battle of the Pyramids, and the bridge of Arcola, are particularly animated. There are good likenesses of the emperor, both the empresses, and the king of Rome; and a most spirited and beautiful line-engraving, in front of the first volume, represents Napoleon crossing the Alps.

Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe. 8vo. Colburn. This is a very delightful volume—delightful for its simplicity and domestic interest. Lady Fanshawe is no "woman of great talents," who has a character to keep up on paper—who makes the most of what she hears, sees, thinks, says, and does—who observes every celebrated person with a full intention of putting them in a book;—no such thing: she is writing a family record, and such it is; her husband is her hero—the Fanshaws, with their alliances, her world—and the kings, queens, dukes, and magnates, are only mentioned as shewing them such and such attentions, making them such and such presents, &c.:—it is just a long letter from a very affectionate, single-minded, feminine creature, placed in most painful circumstances, and supported through them, not so much by strong sense or extraordinary judgment, as by the most devoted love to her husband. But let our heroine speak for herself.

"Now it is necessary to say something of my mother's education of me, which was with all the advantages that time afforded, both for working all sorts of fine works with my needle, and learning French, singing, lute, the virginals and dancing; and notwithstanding I learned as well as most did, yet was I wild to that degree, that the hours of my beloved recreation took up too much of my time, for I loved riding, in the first place, running, and all active pastimes: in short, I was that which we graver people call a hoyting girl; but, to be just to myself, I never did mischief to myself or people, nor one immodest word or action in my life, though skipping and activity was my delight: but upon my mother's death, I then began to reflect, and, as an offering to her memory, I flung away those little childlessnesses that had formerly possessed me, and, by my father's command, took upon me charge of his house and family, which I so ordered, by my excellent mother's example, as found acceptance in his sight. I was very well beloved by all our relations and

my mother's friends, whom I paid a great respect to; and I ever was ambitious to keep the best company, which I have done, I thank God, all the days of my life.

"My father commanded my sister and myself to come to him to Oxford, where the court then was; but we, that had till that hour lived in great plenty and great order, found ourselves like fishes out of the water, and the scene so changed, that we knew not at all how to act any part but obedience; for, from as good a house as any gentleman of England had, we came to a baker's house in an obscure street; and from rooms well furnished, to lie in a very bad bed in a garret; to one dish of meat, and that not the best ordered; no money, for we were as poor as Job; nor clothes more than a man or two brought in their cloak bags."

Soon after this she marries; and a little occurrence, which takes place about a year after, is so prettily told that we must extract it.

"My husband had provided very good lodgings for us, and as soon as he could come home from the council, where he was at my arrival, he, with all expressions of joy, received me in his arms, and gave me a hundred pieces of gold, saying, 'I know thou that keeps my heart so well, will keep my fortune, which from this time I will ever put into thy hands as God shall bless me with increase.' And now I thought myself a perfect queen, and my husband so glorious a crown, that I more valued myself to be called by his name than born a princess; for I knew him very wise and very good, and his soul doated on me, upon which confidence I will tell you what happened. My Lady Rivers, a brave woman, and one that had suffered many thousand pounds loss for the king, and whom I had a great reverence for, and she a kindness for me as a kinswoman, in discourse she tacitly commended the knowledge of state affairs, and that some women were very happy in a good understanding thereof, as my Lady Aubigny, Lady Isabel Thynne, and divers others, and yet none was at first more capable than I; that in the night she knew there came a post from Paris from the queen, and that she would be extremely glad to hear what the queen commanded the king in order to his affairs; saying, if I would ask my husband privately, he would tell me what he found in the packet, and I might tell her. I, that was young and innocent, and to that day had never in my mouth what news, began to think there was more in inquiring into public affairs than I thought of, and that it, being a fashionable thing, would make me more beloved of my husband, if that had been possible, than I was. When my husband returned home from council, after welcoming him, as his custom ever was, he went with his handful of papers into his study for an hour or more; I followed him; he turned hastily, and said, 'What wouldst thou have, my life?' I told him, I heard the prince had received a packet from the queen, and I guessed it was that in his hand, and I desired to know what was in it. He smilingly replied, 'My love, I will immediately come to thee; pray thee go, for I am very busy.' When he came out of his closet I revived my suit; he kissed me, and talked of other things. At supper I would eat nothing; he as usual sat by me, and drank often to me, which was his custom, and was full of discourse to company that was at table. Going to bed I asked again, and said I could not believe he loved me if he refused to tell me all he knew; but he answered nothing, but stopped my mouth with kisses. So we went to bed, I cried, and he went to sleep. Next morning early, as his custom was, he called to rise,

but began to discourse with me first, to which I made no reply; he rose, came on the other side of the bed and kissed me, and drew the curtains softly and went to court. When he came home to dinner, he presently came to me as was usual, and when I had him by the hand, I said, 'Thou dost not care to see me troubled.' To which he, taking me in his arms, answered, 'My dearest soul, nothing upon earth can afflict me like that; and when you asked me of my business, it was wholly out of my power to satisfy thee; for my life and fortune shall be thine, and every thought of my heart in which the trust I am in may not be revealed; but my honour is my own, which I cannot preserve if I communicate the prince's affairs; and pray thee with this answer rest satisfied.' So great was his reason and goodness, that upon consideration it made my folly appear to me so vile, that from that day until the day of his death I never thought fit to ask him any business, but what he communicated freely to me in order to his estate or family."

They put to sea. "When we had just passed the Straits, we saw coming towards us, with full sails, a Turkish galley well manned, and we believed we should be all carried away slaves; for this man had so laden his ship with goods for Spain, that his guns were useless, though the ship carried sixty guns: he called for brandy, and after he had well drunken, and all his men, which were near two hundred, he called for arms, and cleared the deck as well as he could, resolving to fight rather than lose his ship, which was worth thirty thousand pounds. This was sad for us passengers; but my husband bid us be sure to keep in the cabin, and not appear, the women, which would make the Turks think that we were a man-of-war; but if they saw women, they would take us for merchants, and board us. He went upon the deck, and took a gun and bandoliers, and sword, and, with the rest of the ship's company, stood upon deck, expecting the arrival of the Turkish man-of-war. This beast, the captain, had locked me up in the cabin; I knocked and called long to no purpose, until at length the cabin-boy came and opened the door: I, all in tears, desired him to be so good as to give me his blue thrum cap he wore, and his tarred coat, which he did, and I gave him half-a-crown; and putting them on, and flinging away my night-clothes, I crept up softly and stood upon the deck by my husband's side, as free from sickness and fear as, I confess, from discretion; but it was the effect of that passion which I could never master. By this time the two vessels were engaged in parley, and so well satisfied with speech and sight of each other's forces, that the Turks' man-of-war tacked about, and we continued our course. But when your father saw it convenient to retreat, looking upon me, he blessed himself, and snatched me up in his arms, saying, 'Good God, that love can make this change! and though he seemingly chide me, he would laugh at it as often as he remembered that voyage.'"

In the time of the rebellion, Sir Richard is imprisoned.

"During the time of his imprisonment, I failed not constantly to go, when the clock struck four in the morning, with a dark lantern in my hand, all alone and on foot, from my lodging in Chancery Lane, at my cousin Young's, to Whitehall, in at the entry that went out at King-street into the bowling-green. There I would go under his window and softly call him: he, after the first time excepted, never failed to put out his head at the first call: thus we talked together; and some-

times I was so wet with the rain, that it went in at my neck, and out at my heels."

He is, however, released, and at the restoration sent ambassador to Spain: of the magnificence of that court we can say nothing; but recommend the latter pages as both amusing in themselves, and as a pleasant contrast to this very charming volume.

Notice sur Edouard Ruppel, &c. Some Account of Edward Ruppel, and of his Journey into the Interior of Africa. Rev. Germ. Strasburgh. 1829.

IN our earlier years, Burckhardt, the illustrious traveller, was our fellow-student and bosom companion: he was as robust in mind as in body, full of activity, exemplary for his application, sincere in his friendships, endowed with a keen and sound judgment, of a lively, excellent temper, and passionately devoted to every pursuit which led across the seductive field of nature. He was remarkable, even when of an age which is peculiarly obnoxious to worldly blandishments, for (we could almost call it) a relentless determination to achieve whatever task he undertook. To select the objects of his studies with discrimination, and to follow them up with unflinching perseverance, seemed, with him, to be habits, derived from nature rather than acquired by education; and to these high qualities he added a manliness and simplicity of manners, and an integrity of conduct, which rendered him respected by all, while they endeared him to those by whom virtue and talent were considered as forming a title to personal esteem, and a provocative to the intimacies of friendship. Such was John Lewis Burckhardt when we sauntered with him beneath the shades where Gellert and Zollikofer had lifted their conceptions from Nature's self to Nature's God; such was he, but with augmented experience and acquirements, when our friendship was renewed under an English sky; and such was he to the last hour of an existence, of which science has so much reason to deplore the early and melancholy termination. We may well be excused this tribute to the recollections of an intimacy, begun in youth and cemented in maturer years, when we are about to make mention of a traveller whose disinterested zeal, and talents, and indefatigable thirst after science, appear scarcely inferior to those of the lamented Helvetian.

William P. E. S. Ruppel was born at Frankfurt in 1794. At eight years of age the native bent of his genius exhibited itself (says the author of the Notice before us) "in the indefatigable zeal with which he studied every individual specimen of a small collection of minerals, which his father had purchased for him at his earnest solicitation." His education was thenceforward directed to languages, history, geography, the mathematics, and natural philosophy; and at the age of sixteen "he was perfect master of Latin, French, English, and Italian." Upon the death of his father, he came over to England, where he sojourned fifteen months in London; and from thence, after revisiting his native country, bent his steps towards the South of France and Italy, from the shores of which he embarked for Alexandria in January 1817. Of his arrival in that port, one of his letters thus speaks:—"Every thing here is new to me. I might compare yesterday to an hour spent by a countryman in gazing at the reflections of a magic lantern. My mind

* It is hardly necessary to say, that, in a journal like ours, we have many valued associates; the present review, in its language, shews its origin from one of these, and not from Ed. L. G.

was familiarised to every object by the narratives of others: I came, big with expectation, to see them with my own eyes; but I am distracted by the rapid alternation of those objects, and am anxious to survey them at my leisure: it is the work of time alone to make every thing clear and distinct."

Having terminated the commercial engagements which called him to Cairo, he employed the five succeeding months in exploring Memphis, Upper Egypt, Thebes, Syene, &c. He passed five days at the pyramids, and conceived he had seen every thing worth the trouble, when he was asked by a capuchin whether he had not visited the "Grotto della Madonna," where Mary is said to have taken refuge at the time of the massacre of the innocents at Bethlehem. His remark upon this inquiry is naïf enough. "By my troth, I had not once thought of such a curiosity as this; it did not seem worthy to be named in the same day with the ruins of Memphis."

He quitted Egypt in October, landed at Leghorn, and before reaching Frankfort once more, had resolved upon abandoning the mercantile profession, for the purpose of exclusively occupying himself with scientific pursuits. "He returned to Frankfort in the spring of 1818, at a time when several naturalists had assembled with a view of establishing a society of physics and a museum of natural history. His first interview with Dr. Cretschmar (the director, and one of the founders of the society) lasted twelve hours, and was decisive of the important enterprise Ruppel had in contemplation. It was on this occasion that he gave expression to the generous idea he had conceived of lending his aid towards the public institutions of his native town, and presenting them with whatever treasures he should collect upon his travels; and he has carried this noble purpose into effect with the most scrupulous punctuality up to the present hour." And he at once afforded an earnest of his sincerity by bestowing some valuable donations of Egyptian rarities upon the public library of Frankfort. He shortly afterwards returned, through Switzerland, to Pavia, where he prepared himself for a second expedition into Africa by attending courses of comparative anatomy, physiology, natural history, and chemistry, and studying astronomy and archaeology. His varied attainments here brought him into intimate acquaintance with Bardi, Della Marmora, De Zach, and the first literati of Italy; and his intense application was occasionally relieved by excursions to Elba, Vesuvius, Sicily, and the Lipari Islands. The recital of his descent into the crater of the Vulcano, one of the latter group, deserves to be given in his own words. "I cannot help thinking it would prove by no means an impracticable task to descend at this moment into the depths of the crater of Etna. But when I ascended that volcano I was totally unprepared for such an attempt; nor should I have probably determined on descending into it without a companion. So much the greater was the joy I experienced on setting foot within the abyss of the volcano of Vulcano, the depth of which is four hundred feet or thereabouts. Hot, sulphureous, and murky vapours rise from betwixt its rugged and almost peaked confines. It appeared in its existing state to be almost impervious to the observant eye; for when Delue, and Spallanzani after him, descended into it, its configuration was of a different character; but the foot of ardour succeeded in groping its perilous way in this rocky region. Every side of the crater bristled with sublimations of the purest vol-

canic sulphur; and nought but the hand of industry seemed wanting to ensure the deliver an abundant remuneration. About seven years back, Nunciante, a Sicilian noble, and Arosto, an apothecary of Messina, joined in an attempt to work this copious mine; and to this attempt we are indebted for a path which courses along the southern side upon perpendicular rocks. He was the boldest of adventurers who hazarded a first descent: in fact, an extraordinary sensation affects you when you are fairly launched into this yawning gulf of four hundred feet depth; for, independently of the sulphureous exhalations and the escape of the other gases which oppress the powers of respiration, you experience a feeling of uneasiness which increases the native horrors of the spot. Yet there cannot be found any laboratory of the volcanic powers, of so inestimable a value towards collecting facts which will probably prove the future means of establishing a theory on the origin of igneous currents. The crater of Vulcano resembles that of every other volcano; it is a flattened funnel (*entonnoir applati*), inserted in a cone of the height of nearly nine hundred feet. The exterior margin of this funnel is rounded in the shape of an ellipsoid, the greatest diameter of which, from west to east, is about eleven hundred feet, and the least seven hundred. We have already spoken of its depth as being four hundred feet; nor is it shallower even in those spots where the marge is least elevated; and the compass of the level bottom, in comparison with the circumference of the exterior marge, is in the proportion of one to two. More than one-half of the interior declivity is a peaked rock; it is the upper portion only, consisting of volcanic ashes, which narrows into the shape of a funnel. The lower segment is composed of a whitish-yellow lava, perfectly compact, and presenting fissures of an ungainly aspect. These fissures are at every point the outlets of fumes strongly saturated with sulphur and other ingredients; and the path itself traverses several spots heated by gushing vapours. When you reach the bottom, which is any thing but a plane surface, your attention is first rivetted by a cone about sixty feet in height, to the north, which emits several columns of smoke; and of these there is one of a peculiarly violent action, which forces a passage on its eastern side through an aperture about four inches in diameter. It is scarcely possible to approach within two paces of this exhaustless current of combustible atmosphere. Your ears are assailed by an unceasing and appalling din, belike the roaring of some enormous mass in a state of fusion. Sublimations of sulphur, in the form of acicular crystals, and a red and yellow crust of muriate of ammonia, four lines in thickness, are suspended around the aperture. A number of rents and small orifices give a vent to columns of vapours, impregnated with sulphur, ammonia, and muriatic acid; and in this direction the soil is not merely warm, but of burning heat. This small cone appears to be the cauldron of volcanic action. The vapours which rise from this cone, especially in an easterly and westerly direction, deposit natural boracic acid in the shape of a crust, which is said at times to cover a considerable extent of soil, and to wear the appearance of saline snow.

* * * * * On the base of the crater are found fragments of obsidian, bullous lava; many of these are of enormous size, and were emitted during an eruption of ashes in the year 1786. Some of them, weighing above eight hundred pounds each, were hurled as far

as the sea-shore, which is half a mile distant. Alum, sulphur, mineral salt, vitriol, ammonia, and boracic acid, are found within the crater of Vulcano, either in a state of sublimation or of efflorescence and concretion. But how many other matters may there not exist, as concurrent agents to volcanic action, which have escaped our attention, either from the predominance of those we have designated, or from their remaining constantly in the shape of an aeriform fluid? Chemists and mineralogists ought to make a point of visiting this interesting island, where many a valuable discovery might crown their exertions."

In the course of the fourth and last year of Ruppel's sojourn at Pavia, he entered into an engagement with the Society of Natural History of Frankfort, which evinces a rare spirit of liberality and patriotism combined. "He made a free gift to them, not only of the mineralogical collection he had then made, and of his apparatus and part of his library, but of every object belonging to natural history which he might glean during his travels in Northern Africa; merely stipulating, that the society should give him Michael Hey (an anatomist) as a companion, and pay the expenses of that gentleman during his peregrinations, as well as the cost of arms, gunpowder, lead, and other necessities; and engaging, on his own part, to defray every other outlay." The society not being in a condition to comply with these terms, Counsellor Bethmann (his fellow-townsmen) generously stepped forward, and provided the means out of his private purse.

Having thus laid in ample stores, both of materials and attainments, and been joined by his young companion Hey, Ruppel left Leghorn on the first of January, 1822; and soon after his arrival at Cairo insinuated himself into the viceroy's good graces, by the eagerness he manifested to explore the gold mines of Akaba in Arabia Petrea, and the satisfactory report which he brought back concerning them. During the return of the travellers from this visit, which was extended to Suez and Mount Sinai, they were the fleshly witnesses of an extraordinary phenomenon, the *Chamsin of the Arabs*. This occurrence is related by him in a letter to M. de Zach. "On the twenty-first of May we were at a distance of seven hours journey from Cairo, and making our way through the desert, when we were overtaken by the ill-starred blasts of the south, which are the favourite subject of travellers' wonders. The wind burst violently from the S.S.W., and the atmosphere was thickened with such immense clouds of dust, that even a camel became invisible at fifty paces distance. I heard a slight noise run along the ground, and at first conceived it to be occasioned by the rolling of pebbles, driving before the fury of the wind: on the side from which it proceeded, our faces, hands, and feet, became strangely inflamed; and we felt a painful sensation, as if our skin had been pricked with needles; both were accompanied by a low crackling noise on the skin. My first impression was, that what we felt arose from the effect of pebbles being driven against our bodies by the wind; and I held out my hat that I might catch and examine them; but, to my astonishment, not a single one was to be discovered in it. It then occurred to me that the sensation was occasioned by some unknown physical cause, which I could compare to nothing better than a current of electric matter. Being thus induced to pay minute attention to the subject, I observed that our hair stood erect, and that the pain we endured was felt

most acutely at our joints: it was precisely the same in effect, as if I had been electrified on an electric stool. In order to convince myself that the pricking sensation was not caused by pebbles, I held out a sheet of paper, well distended, in the wind's eye: the minutest grains of sand could not have been driven against it without producing articulate sounds; but not a breath of noise was heard, nor could I find any marks whatever upon the paper. I stretched out my fingers, and instantly felt the pricking with increased violence at their extremities. If I should be correct in my conjecture, that this *Chamsin*, or *Khamsin*, (for the Egyptians use either term indiscriminately), is the effect of a superabundant presence of the electric fluid, we shall find no difficulty in assigning a reason why, as African travellers report, it should be attended with so much danger as even sometimes to occasion the destruction of entire caravans."

In the month of June, in the same year, Ruppel again quitted Cairo, and proceeded on a visit to the once fertile, but at present barren, province of Payoum and lake Meris, whence they explored the Delta and lake Menzaleh, in the marshy vicinity of which he was attacked by a severe dysentery, which compelled him to seek the aid of quinquina and calomel at Alexandria. From this spot he forwarded to Europe the multifarious specimens collected during his several excursions, and then made preparations for a voyage up the Nile, of which a future number will afford an interesting summary.

Romances of Real Life. By the Author of "Hungarian Tales." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1829. Colburn.

Two of the longest tales in this collection—the "Lettre de Cachet" and the "Reign of Terror"—have already received from us that commendation which we can freely extend to their companions: there are one or two among these stories which—for picturesque narration, for that indefinable airiness of touch which makes the merit of so many French *contes*, for a little sparkle on the surface, and a little sentiment underneath—are quite unrivalled. The "Princess's Birthday," or, to use the author's own words, "a fairy tale without a fairy," is a prettier story than has for many a month carried us out of "this work-a-day world." The following sketch of a new monarch is excellent:—

"If the mind of a king could be open to so degrading a fact, the new sovereign of Westermania was probably enlightened on the subject. Acute, cool, discerning, something of a humorist, and more of a philanthropist, Ferdinand had been trained in the severe school of royal cadetship. He had been debarred from all prospect of succession by the existence of several elder brothers, as well as by the prospects arising from the happy marriage of the reigning sovereign; and during the last twenty years, he had lived to be forgotten by all the world; saving his regiment, and the little frontier town of his royal brother's dominions assigned to his government, and for his subsistence. He was a man of inactive habits and unambitious character; and he would have been well contented to remain as stationary as the sentry-boxes that mouldered away at the entrance of his grass-grown court-yard, had it not pleased Providence to afflict him in holy wedlock with a princess who could never reconcile herself to the destiny averting from her own head one of the numerous matrimonial crowns showered down upon the arch-duchesses

her sisters. From her early youth she had been accumulating a treasury of despotic principles and arbitrary feelings, for the benefit and governance of her expected subjects; but as her hand had chanced to be accorded to a pitiful younger brother,—her neither apparent nor presumptive to any earthly dignity beyond the paltry government of a frontier province, her highness's sense of retributive justice had determined her to bestow upon his single person the result of all the maxims of government she had acquired for the advantage of her people. Prince Ferdinand had, therefore, the good fortune to be as hen-pecked a husband as the poorest burgess finding refuge from his domestic plagues in skittles and *schnapps* throughout his brother's dominions. Thus only can the historian imagine a motive for his royal highness's singular selection of a *passé-temps* for his leisure hours. Armory in all its branches was his single hobby; as if the ringing of a sledge-hammer were alone capable of deafening the *tintamarre* of feminine expostulation which rattled in his ears from morn till night. Thus harassed, and thus scantily gifted with the pleasures and privileges promised by a royal birth, Prince Ferdinand seemed destined to vegetate among files and vices, steel and iron,—when Death was pleased to befriended one whom all mankind conspired to overlook. His wife—*died*; and that at the very period when the decease of his two elder brothers began to open her views towards the throne;—the following year the reigning sovereign himself was snatched away. This last stroke, however, was far from being so endurable a calamity as the previous mortality of the family. Ferdinand loved his brother with the cordial warmth of fraternal affection, and revered with an equal sincerity his conscientious discharge of the mighty duties of his station. Persuaded that he was himself incapacitated for fulfilling those duties with similar wisdom and perseverance, no one grieved with truer sympathy over the evil destiny which had blighted one of the happiest *ménages* in Germany, than the new King of Westermania. To recede from his appointed path was, however, impossible; and even the expression of his modest doubts whether the execution of his regal functions would redound to his own credit, or to the profit of his people, was quickly overpowered by the clamorous flattery of his brother's courtiers. During his dying moments they had ventured upon a perilous voyage of discovery, along the forgotten road leading to Ferdinand's frontier seat of petty government, in order to assure the majesty expectant, that the eyes of all Germany had long fixed themselves on his secluded retreat; that an era of new hopes had dawned upon Westermania; and that the wisest and best of princes was at length vouchsafed to the prayers of the nation. The maiden speech of the new monarch was appropriately gracious; but while he looked upon the fawning curs that licked his feet, a significant curl quivered at the corner of his eyelids, and some suppressed feeling twinkled within. 'The thieves!' said he to himself; 'would they were gripped in my great vice!'

The letter which winds up the *dénouement* of the queen and her fair daughter's adventure, is too good to be omitted.

"To her Majesty the Queen Dowager of Westermania, these.—This letter, dearest sister, will precede but by a moment the arrival of the Prince of Casselaria. I trust Theresa will forgive his resemblance to young Herman von Heldenstadt, and that you will pardon me for

having practised upon your daughter's affections. Having discovered, through Madame d'Orledo, that my pretty niece had a vocation for becoming a heroine, I saw fit to provide a royal hero for her romance;

Sans un petit brin d'amour
On s'ennuieroit—même à la cour!

And I fancy the Princess of Casselaria will not love her husband the less, that he has been long her lover. With respect to Agneta,—*'nous avons changé tout cela,'* and even you, Paulina, will in this instance applaud my versatility. Her qualities are such, that from this hour I disclaim her as my niece!—with her mother's consent, she shall live in my bosom, and be unto me as a daughter; and you can have no further excuse for rejecting my Max as your son-in-law; he has learned to dance, as well as taught others to fight, since his last visit. Our Agneta is indeed something of the youngest for a bride; but as I should be grieved to separate such a daughter from such a mother, I trust you will receive the hereditary prince and princess of Westermania under your roof,—alternately at Westenburg, and at the Residence, where the Favorita palace is fitted for your reception. The youth and inexperience of my gentle niece will thus be remedied; my son, who has a noble heart, will make the best of husbands; and I am persuaded that the meek abbess of Kastanienwald will never drive him to the refuge of a furnace and a sledge-hammer! I do not abdicate in their favour; because history records that all monarchs who have philosophically descended from their thrones, have attempted to fight their way up again within a calendar year; and Max is all the more secure of my people's love,—for nothing surpasses the popularity of an heir-apparent. My dear Paulina, I would willingly have witnessed the meeting of the young lovers; but since my son's marriage was yesterday declared in council, every living soul in the capital has taken the road to Westenburg, as the shortest to preferment. There is no one left here to look to the palace but myself and a lame shoeblack! Wherefore, Heaven send you a joyous bridal, and a speedy journey hitherward, prays your loving brother,

"FERDINAND."

Some of the smaller tales are thrown in merely as make-weights, and might as well have been left to the oblivion of the *Annals*. We observe that our author succeeds most when she trusts entirely to her own invention;—your short facts worked up into fictions are scarcely worth much;—and, what is of rarer occurrence, her longest tales are by far the best. The whole three volumes combine a great deal both to amuse and interest the reader, and nothing to induce weariness or fatigue.

Mrs. Lushington's Journey from Calcutta to Europe.

[Third notice: conclusion.]

OUR extracts from this animated and pleasing Narrative have already exceeded our usual limits for a volume of its size; but the interest of the scenes described, and the natural and truly feminine manner in which the various topics are treated, will, we are sure, be a sufficient apology for deviating from our accustomed course in the present instance; and though, even now, we could find much that we should feel pleasure in transferring to our pages, yet the pressing nature of many other novelties obliges us to conclude with a few additional samples. The first is a picturesque and graphic description of Shooobra, the country-seat of the

renowned Mahomet Pasha, and is as follows:—

"Proceeding by a fine road, planted on each side with acacias and sycamores, whose growth, owing to the richness of the soil, kept pace with the impatient disposition of the pasha, who had, at one sweep, cut down the avenue of mulberry trees three years before, we arrived at the house, which is situated close to the Nile, and commands a fine prospect of the river and city. The exterior of the building exhibited nothing remarkable. On ascending a terrace a few feet square, we passed through a rough wooden door, such as is fit only for an outhouse, and found ourselves in the pasha's room of audience. It was matted, and round the walls was fixed a row of cushions, on two corners of which were placed satin pillows, marking the seat the pasha occupied according to the position of the sun. Just over a low ledge in the door, we stepped into a small room with a bedding on the floor: this was his sleeping chamber. Surely never monarch had so little luxury or state. Thence we came at once to the magnificent suite of apartments appropriated to the chief lady of the harem. The centre of the principal room formed a sort of octagon, with three recesses, all inlaid with marble. From the four corners opened four smaller rooms, fitted with splendid divans and cushions of velvet and cloth of gold; and a set of marble baths completed this series of elegant apartments. The ceilings, executed by a Greek artist, were lofty and vaulted, ornamented with gold and representations of landscapes, or of palaces and colonnades, the whole painted in light and pleasing colours. The sultana's private sitting-room was still more sumptuous. The ceiling consisted of a circus of palaces, the columns and arches of which were delineated with a most successful regard to perspective. These apartments were until lately occupied by the pasha's deceased wife, mother of Ibrahim Pasha by a former husband. Their splendour was singularly contrasted with the plainness of those inhabited by the pasha himself. This led one of my friends to ask if I was not penetrated with so convincing a proof of the gallantry of the Turk; and he challenged me to cite the English husband who would have done so much for the exclusive gratification of his wife. To which I could only reply that, with my erratic propensities, I should not willingly resign the privilege of locomotion for such proofs of affection; and that I apprehended few English women would answer either the pasha's or Sancho Panza's idea of a good wife, by continually remaining, according to the latter proverb, 'like an honest woman, at home, as if her leg were broken.' Mahomed Ali's late consort had great influence over him during her life, as he considered his marriage with her the foundation of his good fortune. She was esteemed and beloved by the people; for her influence was ever employed on the side of justice and mercy. Much of her time was occupied in receiving petitions; but it was seldom she had to refer them to the pasha, as her power was too well known by the ministers to require this last appeal. If, however, in consequence of any demur on their part, she had to apply to him, he answered their remonstrance by saying—'It is enough. By my two eyes! if she requires it, the thing must be done; be it through fire, water, or stone.' His highness, during the heats of summer, sits below in a room particularly adapted for coolness, and having a marble fountain in the centre. On one of the walls is inscribed, in large Arabic characters, a verse

from the Koran, signifying, 'An hour of justice is worth seventy days of prayer.' The gardens of Shooobra, with their golden fruit and aromatic flowers, having already been described by former travellers, I shall pass on to the magnificent pavilion, which constitutes the chief embellishment of the place, and which was completed only a few weeks before my visit. This pavilion is about 250 feet long by 200 broad. On its sides run four galleries or colonnades, composed of elegant pillars of the finest white marble (of an order resembling the Composite), surrounding a sunken court of six feet deep, paved throughout with the same beautiful material. At each corner of the colonnade is a terrace, over which water passes into the court below in a murmuring cascade, having on its ledges figures of fish, sculptured so true to nature, that, with the flowing stream, they appear to move. The whole supply of water rises again through a fountain in the centre, and re-appears in a beautiful jet-d'eau, lofty, sparkling, and abundant. One seldom sees an exhibition of this character without apprehending a failure of water; but here the works are fed by the Nile, and the spectator is aware that its exuberance will not cease. In fine weather the pasha occasionally resorts to this splendid fountain with the ladies of his harem, who row about in the flooded court for the amusement of his highness, while he is seated in the colonnade. Great is the commotion when the ladies descend into the garden. A signal is given, and the gardeners vanish in an instant. We were all struck with the ruddy cheeks and healthy appearance of these men. They were principally Greeks; and the gay colours of their fanciful costume, each with a nosegay or bunch of fruit in his hand, combined with the luxuriant scenery around, gave them more the semblance of actors in a ballet representing a fête in Arcadia, than the real labourers of a Turkish despot."

As it is not our purpose to pursue this journey to Malta, Sicily, Naples, and England, we shall here close our notice with two or three anecdotes and incidental matters. The first is a striking trait of character, which occurred during a late "untoward battle."

"Sir Thomas Fellowes had two of his sons, one a child of nine years old, on board the Dartmouth at the battle of Navarino. These young midshipmen behaved with a coolness scarcely to be expected at their tender age; and during the action, the elder, only twelve himself, had the admirable good sense and feeling to keep his brother out of their father's sight, lest the latter's anxiety should be excited."

At Giarra, in Sicily, we have a different trait, viz. one affecting a whole crowd of "dames of Ephesus" mourning their loves!

"The village had contained 150 men, with their wives and children. From the smallness of the church, these were compelled to attend divine service at different times. The women had gone and returned first as usual, and the men occupied their places; but scarcely had they assembled, when an earthquake occurred, which destroyed the priest and the whole of the congregation—absolutely not one man in the village escaped! My informant added, that the poor women being left destitute (here I expected a tale of distress), resorted to another parish to recruit for fresh husbands; 'for what,' said he, 'could they do, but settle themselves again in matrimony as soon as possible?'"

The annexed summary respecting Egyptian antiquities, from the Appendix, may be ac-

ceptable to most readers at the present time, when we are so frequently receiving intelligence from that region.

"The following buildings in Egypt are ascertained, according to Champollion, to have been erected under the Pharaohs:—The ruins of San, the obelisk of Heliopolis, the palace of Abydos or El Arabah, a small temple at Dendera, Carnac, Luxor, Medamoud, Gournoo, the Memnonium, the palace called the Tomb of Osymandyas, the excavations at Biban ool Moolk, the hypogees in the mountain over Thebes, the temples of Elephantine, and a small part of those at Philæ. The Greeks and Romans erected the following in Egypt:—the temple of Bahbert, the Kasr-Keroun, the portico of Kailu Kebir, the great temple and typhonium at Dendera, the portico at Esneh, the temple north of Esneh; the temple and typhonium at Edfoo; the temples of Ambos, the greatest part of the buildings at Philæ. Ptolemaic ruins:—the temple at Erment and Tuot, temple at Edfoo, Esneh, temple of Aphroditopolis, now called E'days, to the north of Esneh; Contralatopolis, a small temple on the east bank of the Nile; El Hegs (Eleithya), small but ruinous temples and interesting catacombs, east bank. The great tomb discovered by Belzoni is called also Amun Mai Ramses; Bruce's tomb, Ramses III. The third tomb was called by the ancients that of Memnon. The finest sculptures are those of the kings of the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasty. All authorities agree that Ramses, Sethosis, and Sesostri, are the same person. Plausible accounts make him contemporary with the Trojan war.—(See *Edinburgh Review*, No. LX.) Champollion, it is believed, is an exception to this opinion. Ramses Melamon built the palace of Medinet Haboo, and several parts of the buildings at Carnac and Luxor. He was father of Amenophis, and grandfather of Rhameses the Great, or Sesostri. The deities in the tombs, as presiding over the dead, are different from those found in other monuments; the chief are Osiris and Isis. The attributes of different deities are confounded by being applied to each other; but the phonetic name is generally inscribed over the figure. Deities have curved beards. The throne is the only certain mark of Isis."

Here we conclude, with many thanks to the fair writer, who has proved that even for a delicate female the overland route from India (while at peace with Turkey) is preferable to the sea voyage;—requiring less time and less expense, and being in every way more pleasant and instructive. In the end, she gives directions to those who may wish to follow her gallant example; and notices, as the chief drawback, the imperfect surveys of the Red Sea:—and here we take shame to ourselves; for we have long had in our possession a valuable manuscript correction of the charts in this quarter, which want of opportunity has prevented us from publishing. This hint, however, will probably induce us to print it in an early *Gazette*.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

The Poetical Sketch-book; including a Third Edition of Australia. By Thomas K. Hervey. London, 1829. E. Bull.

WE must begin our notice by a few words of censure on the form in which this volume appears:—from a new title we expect a new work; and it would have been but common fairness to have stated that the *Poetical Sketch-book* is merely a reprint of pieces which are already familiar to every reader of poetry,

from their having been published in the different Annuals. Having mentioned this point, there now only remains the more pleasant task of praising; and we are glad to see that Mr. Hervey has collected together many a former favourite, in a more durable shape. *Floranthe*, the most exquisite poem of its length almost ever written, opens the work. It is needless to make a selection from what is already so popular; and we therefore close with observing, that this is a most delightful volume, and that many of the expressions and images are only surpassed in their originality by their sweetness. Mr. Hervey is a poet: but we must again protest against the deception of the title of this publication.

Lord Moreau of Hereward. 4 vols. London, 1829. Newman and Co.

BELONGING to the better order of a former school; and narrates "divers passages" of love and warfare in the struggles between the Saxons and their Norman conquerors.

A Memento for the Afflicted. By Barzillai Quaife. 18mo. pp. 201. London. Nisbet. A SINCERE and well-meant exhortation, inculcating patience, and even satisfaction, under the deepest afflictions, as conducive to eternal happiness, however severe the suffering in this life.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, May 23d.

NOTWITHSTANDING *Tivoli fêtes*, the screaming of fiddles at the Champs Elysées, the vagaries of monkeys, and the swallowing of ice at Tortoni's, we should inevitably expire of ennui, were it not for the arrival of foreigners, wild beasts, and sea monsters, which give a fillip to our curiosity.

Our ecstasies have been lately called forth by the German performers in the *opéra romantique du Freyschütz*. La Salle de Favart was crowded; the very passages were filled with heads (for I could perceive no bodies); nor was it possible to gain a breath of air even by leaving the box-door open. However, we were more than indemnified for being nearly stifled to death, when the curtain rose; for *le chœur d'introduction* is replete with that harmony so familiar to German composition. Madame Fischer is both a *belle et jolie femme*; her voice is clear and strong, but not always what the French term *gracieuse*: still, in the second act, and in the final prayer of the third, she merited those applauses which French gallantry at the commencement accorded to her beauty and quality of *étrangère*. As to Haintzinger, his voice alone is music; every tone reaches the soul: I never heard a finer tenor. The waltzing, too, was really "the poetry of motion;" and was partly performed *sur la scène*, which has the best effect. The demon *Samiel* crosses the stage three times in a car of fire, to the great amusement of the spectators, who by no means found his demomship a fearful personage. *La chasse aérienne* is executed by means of fantastic forms and images entirely dans le goût of northern traditions. The *dénouement* of the opera is rather too tedious; still the ear never wearies, though the imagination becomes impatient. I observed at the final prayer, that neither the Bohemian prince nor the hermit deigns to kneel: this is carrying aristocratic principles *jusqu'au ciel*.

The ball for the bazar sufferers took place at No. 18, Rue de Rivoli on Thursday evening: the crowds without were double the number of those within. I understand that thirty thou-

sand francs were cleared. The king gave the flowers to deck the apartments, and the proprietor of the hotel also lent his rooms gratis: *ainsi*, charity had its full effect.

We are now in breathless expectation of the arrival of the *whale* which the public prints have announced as being on its way to this capital; and a wooden house of immense dimensions has been constructed for its reception on the Place de Louis Seize, where the animal is to be exhibited:—an elephant from Asia is also shortly expected: so that curiosity will at least be nourished for a short period—and of all the Parisian sensations, this is the most necessary to gratify.—I believe surgeons and builders have come to a good understanding: scarcely a year elapses without the occurrence of chimneys falling or floors giving way: even yesterday, in the Fauxbourg St. Honoré, several people were killed and wounded by the tumbling of a house. These accidents proceed entirely from the avidity of proprietors, who only take into consideration the rents they are to receive—not the lives of their *locataires*. It is to English example that we are indebted for the present mode of “running up houses” with walls of an inch in thickness.

I wronged Mr. Scribe in having attributed to his pen “*Les Suites du Mariage de Raison*.” Mr. Brunswick is the author guilty of portraying in this “*piece*” the real manners of the age, and the consequences resulting from prudent marriages.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

MAY 22.—The subject discussed in the theatre this evening was the nodal figures produced by the phonic vibrations of elastic laminae: it was one of a series, of which the matter, illustration, and arrangement, have been contributed by Mr. Wheatstone, and the delivery confided to Mr. Faraday.

The nature of a nodal point was first illustrated upon an extended wire, which being touched at one-third of its length, had the shorter part put into a vibrating state by the application of a violin-bow, when the longer part immediately entered into a state of vibration, as if it consisted of two portions, a point of rest occurring exactly at the middle: this point was described as a nodal point, the earliest observation of which is attributed to Messrs. Noble and Pigot, two of Dr. Wallis's pupils, in the year 1673.

Mr. Faraday next directed the attention of his audience to Chladne's beautiful discovery relative to the production of regular forms by the arrangement of grains of sand sprinkled upon a horizontal and vibrating plate of glass, or other elastic substance. Thus, for instance, a round plate of window-glass being held firmly between the extremes of the thumb and second finger, applied exactly at the centre, and a violin-bow drawn over one part of the edge, a clear musical sound will be produced: if at the same time the plate be held horizontally, and a little dry sand, or metallic filings, sprinkled over the surface, the sand or filings will arrange itself into a regular form, probably a star, with 6, 8, 10, or 12 radii. The lines thus formed are called nodal lines; the sand or filings being thrown from the vibrating parts to these places; and according as the plate divides into different vibrating portions, so do the sound and the figures change. The mode of producing various forms was next entered into and fully illustrated; all the possible forms that could be obtained from square, round, and other plates, being shewn upon

large diagrams, constructed from Chladne's latest work.

Mr. Faraday then proceeded to notice the figures obtained upon surfaces vibrating only by reciprocation. Thus, sand, sprinkled upon a plate of glass properly connected by a sounding string, gave a series of figures, according to the notes produced by the string: thin membranes also, extended over frames, being sprinkled with sand, and brought over vibrating plates, immediately reciprocated to them, the sand taking regular forms. By this means various phenomena in the transformation of these figures were perceptible, which could not be observed in plates of glass.

At the conclusion, Mr. Faraday briefly noticed the mathematical investigations which had been entered upon, for the purpose of discovering formulae applicable to these phenomena, and gave promise of bringing forward some important simplifications of the theory of these effects, made very recently by Mr. Wheatstone.

On the library-table were placed a variety of minerals, fine specimens of crystallised glass, and works of literature, presented to the Institution; together with a number of Eastern curiosities, from the collection of the Asiatic Society, including a new species of vegetable wax abundant in Japan, and obtained from a species of *rhus*.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

The anniversary meeting of this Society took place on Monday, at the Society's house in Soho Square; A. B. Lambert, Esq., vice-president, in the chair; Lord Stanley, the president, not being able to attend, in consequence of a recent family affliction. The Secretary detailed the proceedings of the Society since its last yearly meeting: from which it appeared that thirty-nine Fellows, five Foreign Members, and six Associates, had been elected into the Society; while, during the same period, it had lost by death nine Fellows, amongst whom were the Duke de St. Carlos at Paris, and Archdeacon Cox; and though last, not least in the annals of science, Dr. Thomas Young: of the Foreign Members two had died, viz. Professor Thunberg, the pupil and successor of Linnæus at Upsal, and Monsieur Bosc, professor of agriculture at the Jardin du Roi. Whilst the Society deeply lamented the loss of these distinguished men, there was matter of congratulation on the other hand: the receipts for the year, including the subscription for the Linnæan Library and Collection, late the property of Sir James Edward Smith, amounted to 3619*l.* 1*s.* 2*d.*; of this sum, 2200*l.* had been paid as part of the price of the Linnæan Herbarium, &c. purchased by the Society, and now arranged, for the use of the Fellows, &c., by Mr. Don, the librarian of the Institution: a variety of valuable donations had also been added to the library and museum since the last anniversary.

A ballot for officers then took place; at its conclusion the following were declared duly elected: viz. the Marquess of Bath *vice* T. Bell, Esq., W. J. Broderip, Esq. *vice* Dr. Fitton, R. E. Grant, M.D. *vice* D. Gilbert, Esq., J. Lindley, Esq. *vice* J. Sabine, Esq., N. Wallich, M.D. *vice* J. F. South, Esq.

The other officers stand as heretofore.

In the evening the Fellows and their friends dined together at the Freemasons' Tavern.

At the last meeting, M. Mirbel of the French Academy, Professor Meckel of Halle, M. Bonpland, Mr. Say of Philadelphia, and Dr. Wahlenberg of Upsal, were elected Foreign

Members; and a paper on the geology and botany of the banks of Swan River, by Mr. James Fraser, colonial botanist, New South Wales, was read.

PHRENOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

MONDAY, May 18th.—Joseph Moore, M.D., president, in the chair. A paper was read by Mr. George Taylor, being a translation of the account of Dr. Gall and his system, as given by M. Ph. Damiron, in his “*Essai sur l'Histoire de la Philosophie en France au dix-neuvième Siècle*.” M. Damiron places Gall in the “*École sensualiste*,” and endeavours to prove that the science of phrenology tends to materialism: from this it was declared to be evident that he had not sufficiently examined the principles of the system, as the brain is merely the material organ through which the mind acts. Two interesting cases of phrenological pathology were mentioned by Dr. Elliotson as having been attended by him: one that of a lady who forgot the names of every thing, and, while the attack lasted, had pain in the situation of the organ of language:—the other, that of a woman in St. Thomas's Hospital, who, in consequence of her husband having taken away her child, was affected with great giddiness, rendering her unable to walk across the ward, and with intense pain in that part of the head recognised as the seat of *philoprogenitiveness*, and in that *only* the symptoms were much increased upon the child being brought to her for a few minutes, and again taken away. A chart of Dr. Gall's system, by Dr. Fossati, and a chart of Lavater's system of physiognomy, were presented from M. Ötting, of Paris, by Dr. Elliotson.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR JUNE.

21st day, 6 hrs. 8 min.—the sun attains his greatest northern declination in the foot of Castor.

Lunar Phases and Conjunctions.

	D.	H.	M.
● New Moon in Taurus . . .	1	5	49
○ First Quarter in Leo . . .	9	1	23
○ Full Moon in Ophiuchus . . .	16	18	18
● Last Quarter in Pisces . . .	23	12	57
● New Moon in Gemini . . .	30	16	45

The moon will be in conjunction with

	D.	H.	M.
Venus in Taurus . . .	1	12	15
Mercury in Gemini . . .	3	3	15
Mars in Gemini . . .	3	5	0
Saturn in Cancer . . .	5	3	0
Jupiter in Scorpio . . .	15	12	0

4th day, 17 hrs.—The planets Mercury and Mars in conjunction near γ Geminorum, a double star of the third magnitude in the knee of Castor.

8th day.—Mercury at his greatest elongation, and visible after sunset. Venus is now an evening star; but being mingled with the solar rays, and at nearly its greatest distance from the earth, it will not be satisfactorily visible.

The asteroids Vesta and Juno are now visible; the former a little more than a degree to the south of ϕ Virginis, and may be seen, if the evening be clear, by the unassisted sight; its light being more intense than the other asteroids: it is very similar in appearance to Uranus.

The annexed will more particularly indicate the place of Juno, which may also be distinguished by its reddish colour:—

5th day, R. A. 16 hrs. 33 min.—South Decl. $30^{\circ} 27'$	
16th 16 .. 25 3 16	
25th 16 18 3 18	

Jupiter will be in opposition the morning of the 1st day, and consequently in the most favourable position for observation. It will continue during the summer evenings a conspicuous and beautiful object, transiting the

meridian during the month at the following times respectively:—

D. H. M.	D. H. M.	D. H. M.
1 11 57	13 11 1	25 10 6

[Want of room obliges us to postpone an interesting and minute history of Jupiter, which we hope to be able to lay before our readers in our next No.]

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, May 16th.—On Saturday last the electors appointed to decide on the respective merits of the candidates for the three Craven Scholarships, lately vacated by lapse of time, declared their choice to have fallen on the following gentlemen:—

W. H. Johnson, Commoner, Worcester College, as of kin to the Founder; J. Thomas, Commoner, Wadham College; F. Rogers, Commoner, Oriel College.

On Thursday the following degrees were conferred:—
Doctor in Divinity.—Rev. J. Webster, Christ Church, Dean of Rippon and Prebendary of Westminster, Grand Compounder.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. J. Jenkins, Merton College, Grand Compounder; Rev. W. Lockwood, University College, Grand Compounder; T. P. Meade, Fellow, All Souls College; Rev. R. Brickdale, Christ Church; Rev. H. Oldershaw, Brasenose College; F. L. B. Dykes, Oriel College; Rev. H. Richards, Magdalen Hall.

Bachelors of Arts.—C. Alderson, Magdalen Hall; M. R. Jeffreys, Christ Church; J. Bomor, Exeter College; R. Armitage, Worcester College; J. R. F. Billingsley, L. Armistead, G. Bellamy, J. C. Aldrich, Lincoln College; A. D. Stacpoole, R. J. Mackintosh, Fellows, New College; W. G. Duncombe, W. W. Johnson, Brasenose College; J. Armistead, Wadham College.

May 23d.—On Thursday the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. H. White, Fellow of Corpus Christi College.

Masters of Arts.—T. O. Ward, Rev. H. J. Buckoll, Michel Scholar, Queen's College; Rev. E. Girlestone, Scholar, Rev. T. P. Holdich, D. S. Meikleham, Balliol College; Hon. J. C. Talbot, Student, Christ Church; Rev. W. D. Harrison, Rev. H. Chavasse, Worcester College.

Bachelors of Arts.—C. Dowling, G. W. Bush, J. Dinning, Queen's College; Rev. A. Bromley, St. Edmund Hall; C. E. Dukinfield, C. K. Bishop, Magdalen Hall; W. B. Clark, University College; W. H. Cotton, J. C. Chaytor, Worcester College; W. G. Clarke, J. C. Draper, E. Thomas, Wadham College; C. J. Birch, Fellow, St. John's College; J. G. Buswell, Trinity College; Sir J. T. B. Duckworth, H. J. B. Withers, Oriel College.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

MAY 28th. The President in the chair.—A paper was read, "on the nerves of the face;" by Charles Bell, Esq. E. F. Maitland, Esq., M.P., was elected. Amongst the presents were, Professor Bessel's important Inquiries into the Length of the simple Seconds' Pendulum; Mons. Poisson's Memoir on the Equilibrium of Fluids; the Eighth Volume of the Memoirs of the Royal Academy at Paris, &c. &c.

May 14th.—A paper was read, entitled "on the brain as an aggregation of parts." By G. Spurzheim, M.D.; communicated by R. Chenevix, Esq., F.R.S.

The author contends that the human brain should be viewed not as a single organ, but as an aggregate of many different nervous apparatuses, each destined to the performance of a special function. What the peculiar function is which each of the cerebral organs performs, cannot, indeed, be at all inferred from its anatomical structure, but must be gathered from other evidence. In comparing the brains of different animals, this process must be reversed; and whenever we find organs performing the same function in different animals, we must conclude that they are in reality the same organs, however they may differ in their size, structure, appearance, or situation. The brains of animals belonging to the same class resemble each other in their general type, although the special apparatuses appropriated to each function may vary in their size and number.

The author next attempts to establish the proposition, that the parts of the healthy human brain are essentially the same, although somewhat modified in their size and quality, in different individuals. In support of this doc-

trine, he endeavours to shew, that the several convolutions on the surface of the cerebrum may be identified in different brains; and that this identity may be recognised in the two lateral halves of the same brain. On examining the brains of some idiots, he found that certain convolutions, which he believes to be capable of being thus identified, are defective, and others entirely wanting. He makes a similar observation on the brain of an orang-outang which exhibits a closer analogy to the human structure than that of any other mammiferous animal, and in which he could not discern some of the convolutions which exist in the brain of man. The paper was accompanied by drawings of the brain of an idiot, from a preparation in the possession of Mr. Stanley; and of that of an orang-outang belonging to Dr. Leach, now deposited in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MAY 28th. Hudson Gurney, Esq., M.P., in the chair.—Certain proposed alterations in the statutes of the Society were read and suspended in the room. A paper on the round towers of the churches in Norfolk and Suffolk, by Mr. Samuel Woodward was next read. A paper containing observations on the present state of Norwich Castle, by the same gentleman, followed; and part of a paper, by Mr. Britton, on the origin and use of bells.

At the meeting on the 21st, a very interesting paper, by Dr. Meyrick, was read, upon an ancient fibule cross; which contained remarks upon the cross used for the execution of criminals among the Romans, proving it to have been what is now called St. Andrew's cross, or what heralds call the *salter*.

An eloquent discussion followed, on certain proposed alterations in the statutes, in which Messrs. Foss, Bland, Caley, Rosser, and Amyot; took a prominent part.

THE LONDON UNIVERSITY.

On Saturday we enjoyed a very great gratification in witnessing the first fruits of the system of education in the London University. Though confined to the medical classes (seven in number), the distribution of prizes to the most successful students was extremely interesting. They were propounded by the various professors, Mr. C. Bell, Dr. A. T. Thomson, Mr. E. Turner, Dr. D. D. Davis, Dr. Conolly, Mr. G. S. Pattison, and Mr. J. R. Bennett, and delivered by the Marquess of Lansdowne. The former severally explained the system according to which these honours had been adjudged, and highly complimented their pupils for industry and ability. The noble marquess, in conclusion, pronounced a very eloquent address. The Duke of Somerset, Lord Auckland, Mr. Brougham, T. Moore, Mr. Hume, and other distinguished individuals, were present.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.
[Fourth Notice.]

No. 36. *A Girl at a Cottage-door*. R. Westall, R.A.—A very pleasing work, distinguished by its simplicity, and at the same time by the novelty of its treatment. The management of the light is remarkably happy; and, upon the distant landscape especially, is truth itself.

No. 18. *A Greek Girl*. H. W. Pickersgill, R.A.—Of a character similar to the "Oriental Love Letter," exhibited by the same able artist two or three years ago, and possessing the same grace of form, the same sweetness of

expression, the same display of splendid accessories, harmoniously disposed. We were about to protest against the barbarity of leaving so lovely a creature barefooted, when lo! on looking at the picture again, on our second visit, we found that Mr. Pickersgill's compassionate heart had in the meanwhile induced him to supply the deficiency.

No. 4. *Subject from the Revelations*. F. Danby, A.—Mr. Danby appears this year to be making one of those pauses which sometimes intervene between the great efforts of either a poet or a painter. The smallness of the production under our notice is injurious to it. If the angel had been of the size of life (may we use such an expression?), and if the picture had been proportionally large, and had been hung up aloft instead of level with the eye, we have no doubt that the effect would have been very striking.

No. 180. *The Meeting of Abraham's Servant and Rebekah*. W. Hilton, R.A.—It is pleasing to turn the eye from dark denunciations of human woe to the calm sunshine of patriarchal times, when the care of flocks and herds was the innocent occupation of the sons and daughters of the greatest among mankind. There is no passage of Scripture which gives a more favourable view of society than that selected by Mr. Hilton as the subject of this picture; over which he has thrown a bright but rich tone of colour, finely blended and harmonised by the characteristic softness of his pencil.

No. 207. *Milton's Reconciliation with his Wife*. W. Boxall.—Full of grace and feeling; the colour and effect remarkably good; and executed in a fine, broad, artist-like manner.

We now pass for the present, at least into THE SCHOOL OF PAINTING, on entering which we are struck with

No. 291. *Bashaw, the property of the Right Hon. the Earl of Dudley*. E. Landseer, A.—No turbaned Turk, but an admirable specimen of that noble creature, a Newfoundland dog, in the most spirited action; and painted with all the well-known vigour and skill of Mr. Landseer's pencil.

No. 263. *Scandal*. "Only think!" T. Clater.—An excellent representation of one of the greatest curses of society. The demon-like malice of both the relater and the auditor is expressed to the life. Mr. Clater has much enhanced the picturesque effect of his work by his judicious choice of costume, which is that of the last century, and by his happy adoption of the style and manner of one of the best masters of the Flemish school—we mean Terburg.

No. 282. *A Troubadour relating his Adventures to a party of Ladies*. R. T. Bone.—A very different tale from the last mentioned, we will be sworn. The spirit of love and romance pervades this elegant and well-painted group, and carries the imagination back to the days and regions of chivalrous gallantry and exploit.

No. 269. *Landscape after a Shower*. F. R. Lee.—We have always expressed a high opinion of Mr. Lee's talents; and this noble picture, which places him at once in the foremost rank of English landscape painters, confirms all our hopes of him. It is utterly devoid of trickery, or affectation, or extravagance; and is as fine a specimen of firm masterly painting as we have ever seen.

No. 322. *Hadleigh Castle: the Mouth of the Thames: Morning, after a stormy Night*. J. Constable, R.A. elect.—In his own truly original manner, Mr. Constable has here imparted a most grand and imposing character to

a scene of great diversity and extent. It is a very powerful production.

No. 246. *Camilla introduced to Gil Blas at the Inn*. G. S. Newton, A.—Cervantes and Le Sage afford excellent and exhaustless materials for the painter; and no one knows better how to use them than Mr. Newton. In the treatment of his present subject he has been very successful, with the exception (as it strikes us) of the too slender and perpendicular figure of Gil Blas, which, forming a line parallel to that of the female figure, rather hurts the composition.

No. 357. *Scene from the Tempest*. H. P. Bone.—The second scene of the first act. A subject exhibiting more contrasted passions and emotions,—pity, love, anger, resentment,—or one better calculated to shew the talents of the artist to advantage, could scarcely have been selected. It is a work which does Mr. Bone great credit.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

[Concluding notice.]

No. 256. *The Great Gallery of the Louvre, Pont Royal, Quai Voltaire, and part of the Palais des Beaux Arts, at Paris*. F. Nash.—There is not a finer work in the room, nor one which has a more resplendent effect of daylight. The grandeur of the architecture, its noble perspective, and the level and receding river, reflecting like a polished mirror the varied vessels and craft upon its bosom, altogether form a scene of beauty which is seldom to be witnessed, either in nature or in art.

No. 184. *Gleaners*. S. Austin.—Of as brilliant a character as the last-mentioned drawing, although composed of very different and of much more simple materials.

No. 233. *The Red Lion*. G. Pyne.—It is the privilege of art to confer dignity on the humblest, as well as on the most exalted, subjects. The present work, as well as No. 116, *Morning*, and No. 101, *Aylesford, Kent*, by the same artist, shew Mr. Pyne's varied talents to great advantage.

No. 100. *An old Keeper of Mr. Wyndham's at Corhampton*. W. Evans.—Carefully studied in all its parts; although as much distinguished by the plainness and simplicity of its execution, as the character represented is by the plainness and simplicity of his professional costume.

No. 97. *Scene at the Boar's Head, Eastcheap*. T. M. Wright.—This spirited little sketch is all we can find from the hand of an artist whose talents have so frequently challenged our admiration. It would be an excellent subject for a large and finished drawing.

No. 212. *Calais Pier*. D. Cox.—An admirable representation of life and motion, both by sea and land. Mr. Cox has several small, sparkling drawings in this exhibition, the tones of which are exquisitely true to nature.

No. 249. *Mer de Glace, Chamouni*. H. Gastineau.—Where shall we find in the visions of the most fertile fancy scenes as extraordinary as this reality which Mr. Gastineau has so ably presented to our view?

No. 398. *Composition*. G. Cattermole.—A masterly and beautiful sketch. Mr. Cattermole has several other little designs in the room, which do him the highest credit.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Wreckers, by Stanfield; engraved by Quilley. Moon, Boys, and Co.

WE noticed this print in our review of the Suffolk Street Gallery. It is now published, and fairly enough multiplies, through the

medium of mezzotint, Mr. Stanfield's very clever and interesting picture.

Our Saviour casting out Devils. W. C. Ross. Lithographed by Hullmandel. Colnaghi, Pall Mall East.

THE large picture which did so much honour to the pencil of a young artist at the Somerset House Exhibition two or three years ago. It is well executed by Hullmandel; and, as an effort in the highest class of art, deserves our particular praise. Mr. Ross has only to proceed in his great career.

The Martyrdom of Charles the First, King of England. Drawn, transferred to stone, and printed, by J. Netherclift.

AN extraordinary specimen of what can be done by transfer from paper to the stone. We understand that Mr. Netherclift prepares the paper himself, by a novel process. Whatever may have been the means used, the result is singularly curious. As an historical document also, the print, which is large, and which contains portraits of the unfortunate Monarch, Bradshaw, Cromwell, Ireton, and Fairfax; representations of the trial and execution; and a fac-simile of the order for the latter, with the signatures of fifty-nine of the regicides,—is valuable.

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.

A CHANGE having lately been made in this very interesting and attractive exhibition, it was re-opened on Thursday last, with a View of the Interior of the Church of St. Peter's, at Rome, painted by M. Bouton; and a View of Thiers, near the Bridge of St. John, department of the Puy de Dome, France, painted by M. Daguerre. The public have become too familiar with the talents of these able artists, and with the extraordinary effects which they are capable of producing, to render it necessary for us to expatiate on those points. The Interior of St. Peter's is a most skillful piece of both linear and aerial perspective, and conveys an excellent idea of the magnificent original; but the subject is by no means so susceptible of picturesque illustration as some of the less regular interiors, or portions of interiors, of cathedrals, and other buildings, upon which M. Bouton has on former occasions employed his pencil. The View of Thiers is eminently beautiful in composition, and (with the exception of a few purplish tints near the foreground) true in colour. The ascent of smoke from a cottage-chimney, the trickling of water over stones so deceptively painted that the spectator can with difficulty persuade himself that he may not step from one to another, and the occasional appearance and disappearance of the sun, are all admirably managed. Upon the whole, without meaning to say that the present exhibition is superior, or even perhaps equal, to some of its predecessors, it is certainly one which richly deserves to be visited by every person of taste in the metropolis.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

PICTURE OF CHINA.—NO. VI.

OUR next extract from these interesting papers is not only a curious commercial anecdote, which may be worthy of attention while we are at home investigating the subject of Indian trade, but affords a remarkable proof of the jealousy of the Chinese in such intercourse.

"*Lintin Anchorage*.—The Poonu, or Whampoa magistrate, has, in pursuance of orders from the treasurer's office, been calling for securities from, and giving licenses to, the ship compa-

dors. After the Macao expedition, Governor Pak issued orders that all compradors should be insured by the elders of their kindred, and receive from government a sealed badge, to be worn about their waist, and produced whenever called for. The badge is a piece of wood on which the comprador's name is written, and a seal is attached by the magistrate: it is called *gempaiyinchew*. The reason assigned for this arrangement is, to prevent traitorous natives disclosing the secrets of the empire to foreigners. And the Poon-u-une magistrate adds, as an additional reason, the fact that of late years a gradually increasing number of foreign vessels anchor at Lintin, from whence they cruise about; while traitorous natives, in fishing and tanka-boats, supply them with provisions, smuggle goods, diminish the revenue, deal in contraband articles, &c. He has taken the securities, and licensed a few compradors, whom he calls substantial people, skilled in foreign languages."

Other traits of national customs, &c. follow; and the annexed is a very curious one.

"*Lares and Penates*.—March 17th. This day, being the second day of the second moon, is an annual festival in China in honour of the Fokshin Towte taan, 'felicitous gods of the district's apotheosis.' Taan means, in ordinary language, the birthday of a mortal; but in this connexion means the day when a mortal became a god. As you walk the streets of Canton, you (if observant) will see in niches and corners stone figures of a little bearded old man and an old woman sitting beside each other. These are the Towte Powsaat—the district gods and goddesses. On this day, atheistical literati, magistrates, mandarins, merchants, shopmen, and plebeians, all let off crackers, and light candles, roast pigs, and present them with geese, ducks, fowls, &c. as sacrificial victims, with dumplings, fruits, and spirituous liquors, as offerings to the Towte Powsaat. Caps, boots, jackets, &c., made of paper—a complete wardrobe—being placed in a red-paper trunk, are all burnt, and sent into the invisible state, for the use of these deified personages. These foolish observances are attended to, with special devotion, in all the government offices. The thing most dreaded on this day is the falling of rain; which indicates the opposite, viz., a drought in the course of the year. The proverb runs thus—

Tapehap Towte eechay;
Yatpakayt shai.

'The wetted divinity's clothes will take a hundred days to dry.' The worshippers of these dumb idols are on this day dressed in the best attire they can procure. Bonnets are borrowed for the occasion by those who have none of their own. They perform the thrice three prostrations called saam-kwei kaw-kaw, i. e. 'three kneelings, nine knocks.' At the public offices, a master of ceremonies, in imitation of imperial etiquette, attends. He calls out, 'Approach the altar—kneel—knockhead—rise;—again kneel—knockhead—rise;—a third time kneel—knockhead—rise. The ceremony is finished.' Such are the divine honours required of an ambassador to the court of Peking. Whilst kneeling, the people often mutter indistinctly prayers to the Towte Powsaat, imploring temporal prosperity. That they may (fattosy) 'increase in wealth,' is the first petition of the tradesmen's prayer. After these forms are gone through, plays are acted at all the public offices for many days afterwards. The populace let off an enormous rocket, called faa-paou, 'the flowered gun.' There is a straw shot placed at the mouth of it, which rises a

considerable height in the air, and blesses the man on whom it falls. The people strive against each other to get possession of it, till, occasionally, lives are lost in the conflict. He who gets it is expected to provide the *faa-pau* for the ensuing year. Some go to a hundred dollars expense. All Canton feast to-day on the tens of thousands of victims offered to the *Towte Powsaat*.—The new moon and the full are days observed by all the Chinese as times of worship to the gods. People in dwelling-houses, shops, temples, and government offices, on these days burn gold and silver papers, light candles, offer incense, let off crackers, and present cups of tea, before the domestic and other idols. Some perform these rites without adding personal adoration, whilst others choose to worship and pray. Government officers usually quit their houses before day-light, and repair to some adjacent temple to burn incense. This is the custom at the new and full moon all the year round. On the first and second new moons in the year there are extraordinary observances, when sacrifices of various kinds and burnt offerings are presented to the idols, libations of wine (or rather spirits) are poured out, prayers offered in full dress, money given by superiors to children and dependents, for good luck, &c. &c. The court circular of his excellency the governor announces to-day, that on the second new moon of the present year he went out early and repaired to the temple of *Wanchong Powsaat*, and offered incense. He then went to the red-walled, yellow-tiled imperial temple of ten thousand years, and attended the reading of the sacred edict; i. e. imperial sermons on the political and social duties of subjects. This service being finished, he repaired to the temple of the old mother of *Ursa Major*, called *Tawmowkung*, and offered incense. Then he returned to his palace, and received the congratulations of all the civil and military officers in the city on the return of the new moon. His excellency the *Fououne*, or deputy governor, went through similar ceremonies on the same day, and also attended the imperial hall. There are only sixteen of these imperial sermons, and they have been read and re-read for the last thirty years; so that, although they were written and paraphrased for the use of the people, but very few attend. The governor and his fellow-officers, who are obliged to attend, have the advice all to themselves. After the service, his excellency paid several visits, one to congratulate the commissary general of the province on his wife's birthday; another to the chancellor of the literati, &c. On his return home the Hong merchants and salt merchants waited on his excellency to congratulate him on the new moon, and all the officers of the city either called or sent their cards. A great deal of time is spent in official visiting by the Chinese officers; and an opportunity is thereby afforded, without exciting suspicion, for carrying on their intrigues by verbal communication, on subjects about which they dare not write. A man in China cares very little what he says: words vanish into thin air, and leave no trace behind. But they are very cautious what they commit to writing, because documents remain, and may be produced as proof."

MUSIC.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

THE SEVENTH of these performances, on Monday last, was distinguished by more novelty than any preceding one. It opened with a new symphony by F. Mendelssohn, an amateur from Berlin, and a near relative of the famous

philosopher of the same name and place. As this gentleman himself directed, and the performers exerted their utmost, nothing was wanting to make the composition appear to advantage: and so it certainly did—for the audience expressed a strong desire to hear both the *andante* and *scherzo*, undoubtedly the two best movements, a second time. The design of the work, though at first not very striking, would probably become clearer on listening again to its original ideas. A M. Rosner, also a German, sang an air out of the "Magic Flute," in German words, with tolerable success. His high tenor, being any thing but a *voce di petto*, sounded, particularly in ascending, exactly like a falsetto; and his manner is somewhat too calm. In the duet for harp and pianoforte, Mrs. Anderson had but little opportunity of displaying those talents which lately gained her so much applause in the performance of Hummel and Onslow's compositions; and Mr. Dizi, besides being occasionally rather out of time, had certainly some difficulty in keeping up with his partner. The composition, by Kalkbrenner and Dizi, did not please much. Weber's scena, "Misero me," was for the most part what we should have expected from Miss Paton. There being, contrary to usage, six pieces in the second act, instead of five, the call for a repetition of the *andante* in Mozart's all-admired symphony (E flat) was not attended to. Madame Wranitzkij, also a German singer of by no means common pretensions, made her debut with Mozart's "Non più di fiori," and was accompanied in a masterly manner by Mr. Willman on the *corneo bassetto*, an instrument only recently introduced into this country, but long in use in Germany. Madame Wranitzkij's voice, although neither first-rate in compass, power, or flexibility, is nevertheless rich and pleasing; and in style and expression few are superior to her: all these fine qualities combined, obtained for her the most flattering reception. Mr. Ourry's performance of a violin-concerto by Kreutzer and De Beriot, was in every way calculated to make us entertain the hope that he will ere long be one of the first violin players this country has ever had. The concert concluded at a late hour with Cherubini's fine overture to *Anacreon*.

CONCERTS.

MADAME STOCKHAUSEN'S concert met with the encouragement that delightful performer so richly merited it should. The duet between her and Malibran was rapturously enjoyed.

A concert for the benefit of the Adult Orphan Institution was held on Tuesday at the Hanover Square Rooms, and was not so numerously attended as it deserved,—for a more admirable charity does not exist. The performances were well varied: Malibran sang an aria from *Mercandante*; Miss Essex met with much applause for her performance on the piano: Mr. Sedlatzek on the flute, accompanied on the organ by Mr. Greateorex, was quite unique.

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

THE period in which the events occurred, so faithfully delineated in the new play of the *Partisans*, seems, as an able contemporary has already remarked, with the richest materials for the dramatist and the romance-writer. The hair-breadth escapes of the principal agitators of that day—those particularly of the Duke de Beaufort from Vincennes, the Duchess

de Longueville from Dieppe (in itself a novel), the Duchess de Bouillon from Paris, the young Princess de Condé and her child from Chantilly, are all full of the most stirring and exciting incidents. The truly French mixture of fighting and dancing, amours and assassinations, fêtes and cabals, affords opportunities for situation and effect rarely to be paralleled by any other portion of European history. The wily Mazarin's confidence in the political coxcomb Jarsay, whose *entreprises dans tous les genres denotaient beaucoup d'audace*, and were yet so cloaked by a veil of frippery as to baffle all suspicion of their serious purpose; and the intriguing and restless spirit of the beautiful and witty Genevieve de Bourbon, have been most happily turned to account on the present occasion, and form an admirable contrast to the straightforward, inflexible patriotism of the First President and his almost superhuman influence over the Parisian populace. The following extracts from Monsieur le Conte de St. Aulaire's History of the Fronde, will shew how closely Mr. Planché has adhered to the memoirs of the time.

"Un avocat au Châtelet nommé Debois, à la tête d'une centaine de bandits, armés de poignards et de pistolets, demandait, avec des cris forcenés, qu'on leur livrât la grande barbe (le peuple nommait ainsi Mathieu Molé). . . . Son admirable courage ne se démentit pas un instant. Un des assassins parvenu à s'approcher de lui, appuyant la pointe d'un couteau sur sa poitrine, il lui dit, avec un regard paisible, 'Mon ami, quand je serai mort, il ne me faudra que six pieds de terre.'—Tom. i. p. 337.

"La troupe se grossissant à chaque pas, la fureur s'exaltait par le tumulte, ils arrivèrent dans le plus effrayant désordre à l'hôtel du premier président. . . . Les domestiques épouvantés barricadèrent l'entrée. . . . Mathieu Molé travaillait assis près d'une table dans son cabinet; il ne se dérangea pas, et cria seulement à ses gens, par la fenêtre, qu'ils ouvrirent toutes les portes. La populace se précipita dans les appartemens; Molé, s'avancant alors à la porte de son cabinet, leur dit, qu'ils étaient des misérables, et qu'il les ferait tous pendre, s'ils ne se retiraient à l'instant. L'autorité du premier président sur le peuple de Paris semble véritablement avoir été prodigieuse. Les plus furieux, entendant sa menace, prirent la fuite, épouvantés comme s'il eût eu le pouvoir de la faire exécuter sur l'heure."—Tom. iii. p. 47, note.

The following are our promised specimens of the language of the *Partisans*—all from the third act:—

"Bernard.—What! you thought, I warrant me, of the old adage—'No pay, no Swiss': the proverb is overstrained, lady; we sell our service sometimes—but not our hearts.

Duchette.—I do believe thee! 'Tis a shameful blot Some little wit hath cast on a great nation! Men who are born upon the mountain top Are seldom greedy of the shining dross That lies so far beneath them: the pure air They breathe immaculate from heaven blows all Such earthy feelings from them!

Molé.—Jarsay in Paris! Humph, that must mean mischief!

For mischief is the atmosphere he lives in. But whether it be brewing 'gainst the state, Or the heart's peace of some poor silly woman, The devil, his dear prompter, only knows!

A well-turned ankle or a wanton eye Were bait enough to lure the coxcomb hither!— Yet he's the creature of the cardinal, And must be most closely looked to: oft beneath A veil of lightness are affairs of weight Most perfectly concealed—(shout without)—More tumults toward!

What outrage next? I sicken at the sound! O Paris! queen of cities!—thou great envy Of half the world!—thou Cybele, whose crown Is made of palaces—their gilded domes— Like rival suns disputing the blue throne

Of the creaking sky!—how long, fair Paris,
Shall thy indignant walls hurl back the howl
Of stark rebellion and blind anarchy?
Will thy false river—the ungrateful Seine—
Which, as infected by example, now
Hath burst its banks and rises, rebel like,
To desolate the city it should serve!
Will its retiring waters wash away
The slime of treason with their own?—or leave
The filthy record, swarming with new serpents,
Like the prolific slaver of the Nile?
O France! my country!—must the loving few
Who have strain'd every nerve to steer thee wide
Of one most dangerous rock, now run thee on't,
Rather than see thee founder in a gulf
Where all hands must be lost?

Henri.—No, not to thee, thou dark, funereal yew,
Nor to thy mournful sister, there, the cypress,
Will I intrust her fate!—nor yet to thee,
Thou coward aspen, with thy shivering leaves
White with eternal fear!—But here, around
The stem of the firm-rooted oak,—the tree
Whose sacred garlands in Rome's elder day
Circled his happy brows who had preserved
A Roman's life!—yes, yes; to thee
As to a friend whom danger cannot shake,
I will confide the precious charge; and lo!
Where close beside thee springs a silver lily!
The badge of her illustrious race!—O let the wise
Smile as they will at superstition—when
The full heart wafts an honest prayer to Heaven,
A bird—a leaf—a pebble—seems to bring
The cheering answer back.

VARIETIES.

Gardening.—At one of the meetings of the Paris Horticultural Society, a M. Fourquet presented some potato plants upon which had been grafted the stalks of the tomato (*solanum lycopersicum* L.) The vegetation of these plants was very vigorous, and the potatoes are described to have been of excellent quality.

Earthquake in Spain.—It appears by the last accounts from Murcia, that the shock of earthquake which was felt there on the 18th ult. lasted more than thirteen minutes, and that during its continuance several columns of fire were seen to fall on the mountains. The earth in some places opened, and sent forth volcanic eruptions,—some of which are said to have been of considerable extent.

French Literary Appointments.—M. Auber has been elected a member of the Institute, in the room of M. Gossec, deceased; and M. Boissonnade, member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, is appointed Greek professor at the college of France, in the room of the late M. Gall.

The Swiss Press.—Of a hundred and thirty presses in Switzerland, about half are at present unemployed. Geneva has the greatest number, 18; Zurich, 17; Bale and Aargau, 16; Berne and Saint-Gall, only 9. The Pays de Vaud publishes three gazettes in French, Geneva only one—but it is the best in Switzerland; the Canton of Tessin publishes two gazettes in Italian; Zurich four in German. The journals which are published in the other cantons are all in German.—*Foreign Journal.*

Plinian Society.—May 12. Mr. Balfour read a communication on the state of vegetation around Edinburgh. He submitted to the Society a list of 106 plants which are now in flower in this neighbourhood; among other rare specimens were the *orthogalum luteum* from Fife, and the *lathraea squamaria* from Roslin. Mr. B. exhibited growing specimens of a peculiar variety of the *daphne creorum*, and also a nondescript species of geranium, which is not mentioned by De Candolle, the seeds of which were sent to Scotland by Dr. Richardson, who collected them on the North American expedition. Mr. Brown read a communication, in which he endeavoured to prove that the Pretender, Prince Charles Edward,

lived and died a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church. His proofs chiefly rested on the facts, that the prince was known to have in his possession, and to be conversant with, the Prayer-Book and Ritual of the Church of England; and that in a pamphlet written by Dr. Archibald Cameron, the brother of Lochiel, professing to be “a copy of what he intended to have delivered to the Sheriff of Middlesex at the place of execution, but which he left in the hands of his wife for that end,” the doctor, among other similar declarations, solemnly avers, on the word of a dying man, that the prince assured him he was a member of the Church of England. A paper was read by Mr. Bushnan, “on the natural history of the various plants yielding the ipecacuanha of commerce;” a very valuable collection of which the author presented to the Society's museum.—*Edinburgh Weekly Chronicle.*

A meeting of the Philosophical Society was held on Monday evening; Dr. F. Thackeray, the treasurer, being in the chair. A paper by W. H. Miller, Esq., of St. John's College, was read, “on the caustics produced by successive reflections at a spherical surface.” A memoir was also read by the Rev. R. Willis, “on the mechanism of the glottis;” in which the author explained the conditions under which sound is produced by air passing between the edges of two membranes, and the manner in which the muscles of the larynx bring the organs into and out of the positions which are thus required. This communication was illustrated by various drawings, models, and apparatus, illustrating both the formation of the sound and the means by which its pitch and quality are regulated.—*Cambridge Chronicle, May 23d.*

The Irish here keep up their blundering reputation. At a *soirée* given by the Ambassador de —, a young Irishman accosted the General de C —; and after many excuses and flourishes of speech, he requested to know—“*S'il avait l'honneur de parler à Monsieur le Général, ou à Monsieur son frère?*” “*Monsieur,*” answered the general, “*je suis mon frère.*” A general laugh ensued, and several moments elapsed ere the Hibernian perceived the absurdity of the question he had made.—*Paris Letter.*

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

The Lectures on the Elements of Hieroglyphics and Egyptian Antiquities, by the Marquess of Spineto, will soon be ready for publication.

A new edition of Mr. Bowles' poem, *Departed Days*, or *Banwell Hill*, is about to be published.

There is in the press, and nearly ready, a Circumstantial Account of Persons remarkable for their Health and Longevity: exhibiting the habits, functions, and opinions of such persons in regard to the best means of prolonging life,—by a Physician. It will likewise contain a definite plan for the removal of that peculiar affection of the throat to which clergymen and other public speakers are liable.

The Second Part of Mr. Strong's Catalogue of the extensive library purchased of that well-known veteran bibliographer and bibliopist, the late Mr. Dyer of Exeter, the First Part of which we some time ago noticed, will, we hear, shortly appear, and contain from five to six thousand books in foreign theology, with every advantage of classification and description that the most diligent and laborious attention could supply.

Periodical Press of Finland.—From a recent account of the periodical press of Finland, it appears that there are in that country several periodical papers conducted with great talent, and possessing rather an extensive circulation; they are as follow: Aabo Tidningar—Abo Gazette: this paper commenced in 1771: it contains important information on the history and geography of Finland. Finlands Allmanna Tidning—General Gazette of Finland: this paper, which is now nine years old, is considered the official journal of the province. Aabo Underrättelser—Abo News, which has been established five years. Underrättelser fran Keiserliga finska Hushallningsallianket—Memoirs of the Imperial Society of Economy: a paper chiefly devoted to questions of rural and domestic economy and technology. Turun Wukko Sanomat—Abo Weekly Journal, published in the Finland tongue, an

idiom hitherto but little known. Besides these publications, which have maintained their ground, several others in the Swedish language have been started, but have not succeeded.

Memoirs, by a Lady of Quality, is the present literary work of the mode. This style of authorship has a peculiar attraction for the multitude;—so delightful is it to learn our neighbours' failings, and to be initiated into courtly gossip!—*Paris Letter.*

M. Cuvier has presented to the French Academy of Sciences, in his own name and in that of M. Latreille, the second edition of his work called *Le Règne Animal*. He has also presented to the Academy two new volumes of his large work on Fishes: a work which he is publishing in conjunction with M. Valenciennes.

Mr. Wickens has in the press An Argument for more of the Division of Labour in Civil Life in this Country, Part I.; in which Parliament, and the distracting number of its cares, are treated of.

In the Press.—Gideon, and other Poems, by the Author of My Early Years, &c.—The Hallamshire Glossary, by the Rev. Joseph Hunter, F.S.A.; to which is added, Thoresby's Catalogue of Yorkshire Words, and Watson's List, from his History of Halifax.—King Alfred's Anglo-Saxon Version of Boethius, with an English Translation and Notes, by J. S. Cardale.—The Concise Arithmetician, or Accountant's Manual.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1829.

May.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 21	From 43 to 71.	30.01 to 30.06
Friday... 22	— 37. — 72.	30.06 — 30.07
Saturday... 23	— 37. — 76.	30.24 Stationary
Sunday... 24	— 40. — 65.	30.24 to 30.11
Monday... 25	— 45. — 67.	30.26 — 30.32
Tuesday... 26	— 49. — 65.	29.34 — 29.36
Wednesday 27	— 49. — 67.	29.22 — 29.30

Edinburgh.

Prevailing wind, N.
Generally clear, except the 24th, when it was raining heavily.

Rain fallen, .45 of an inch.

Extracts from a Meteorological Register kept at High Wycombe, Bucks, by a Member of the London Meteorological Society. April 1829.

Thermometer—Highest.....	57° 50'
Lowest.....	26
Mean.....	41-60208
Barometer—Highest.....	29-66
Lowest.....	29-48
Mean.....	29-28477

Quantity of rain and melted snow in inches and decimals, 4.45625.

Number of days of rain and snow, 24.

Winds.—2 East—4 West—2 North—4 South—east—10 South-west—4 North-west.

General Observations.—The month commenced with snow; about an inch and a half fell on the night of the 1st, and the whole month was extremely cold, the mean temperature being below any one in April since 1823, and more than three degrees lower than the average of the last twelve years. Rain, with the snow on the 1st, fell on twenty-four different days—the whole quantity remarkably great, exceeding that of last year by nearly an inch. The mean of the barometer lower than for many years, although the range was not very great. Heavy gales of wind at the latter end of the month, particularly on the 28th, which were similar to those frequently experienced at the equinoxes. Thunder heard on the 10th, about 2 p. m. The evaporation .08125 of an inch.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are again obliged to defer our remarks on Sir Rufane Donkin's volume: but the Greek Digamma and the course of the Nile are two problems which cannot be summarily treated.

* Madame de Motteville mentions this aggravation of the miseries of Paris, in her Memoirs. The people sailed about some of the streets in boats.

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